

The Messenger

"Is the Truth in Jesus."

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Poetry.

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

Mit dem Herrn fang Alles an.

In the Lord all things begin!
Childlike e'er with Him abiding;
In your own strength ne'er confiding;
Meekness wards presumptuous sin.

In the Lord all things begin!

In the Lord all things begin!
Those who Him as Leader choosing,
Need not fear the goal e'er losing;
But the safe road are within.

In the Lord all things begin!

In the Lord all things begin!

Jesus thee His help e'er sending;
Joyful e'er with joy here ending;

For in God we'll surely win.

In the Lord all things begin!

December 26th, 1879.

S. R. F.

Theology and Criticism.

For The Messenger.

THE GLORY AS OF THE ONLY BEGOTTEN.

The material universe is grand, mighty, wonderful. The wisdom, the power, and the majesty of God address us from the heavens above and from the earth beneath. We may discern His presence in every blade of grass, as in the entire complex organization of the external world. The natural reveals the supernatural and spiritual. Greater than the earth and the heavens; greater than the innumerable systems of worlds moving through the illimitable fields of space, is man. Fearfully and wonderfully he is made, even if we contemplate only his body. More fearful and wonderful still is the constitution of his intellectual and moral being. Connecting the material and the immaterial, the natural and the spiritual, man gathers up in his personal existence all the laws and forces of the lower kingdoms; at the same time since he is fashioned in the image of God, he reflects the glory of the Author of all the worlds.

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason; how infinite in faculties; in form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel; in apprehension, how like a god; the beauty of the world—the paragon of animals!"

Man's personal life exhibits God; exhibits His infinitude more forcibly than any other created being. In the nature and organization of the body, there are more wonders than are hidden in the bowels of the earth. Shining in the empyrean of his consciousness are constellations of divine wisdom brighter than the stars in the canopy of the natural heavens. Constitutionally higher and better than all material worlds, and all orders of intelligent creatures, man by virtue of what he is, stands nearest the Godhead; and that Light which no one can approach unto, he next to the Son of man, reflects with the greatest degree of fulness. This is true of manhood, notwithstanding the perversion brought about by transgression. Corrupt and guilty though men are, yet of things spiritual, heavenly and divine, they learn more by studying the human constitution

and human history than by contemplating the phenomena of inorganic or organic nature.

Therefore man has by virtue of his physical and moral organization, a capacity for union with God which is unique. In him and with him the Creator can live as in no other created intelligence. No violence is done to the intrinsic capacities of human nature, when approached and overshadowed by the Holy Ghost, Mary, the elect daughter of Abraham, conceives in her womb that Holy Thing, called the Son of God. The mystery is not magical. It does not set aside and supersede the laws and aptitudes of human life. The virgin is fitted for such extraordinary motherhood by this, that she is a woman formed in God's image, and fitted especially by the spiritual discipline of the theocratic covenant. The ripe fruit of Jehovah's blessing in the Mosaic economy, she becomes the one among women endowed with grace adequate to the demands of divine love in the fulness of time.

A miracle undoubtedly is the conception of the virgin by the Holy Ghost; because it is a life-act in the bosom of humanity, referable not to human agency alone, nor to the efficiency of any powers latent in humanity, but referable to a new creative act of God. But this creative act whereby God and man became one life, one person, instead of violating the laws of human nature, conforms to these laws. Instead of disregarding or perverting the human constitution, the miracle meets and satisfies the positive aptitudes of man's Godlikeness, until then falsified by sin and unsatisfied by revelation.

If we consider the original dignity of man, his supernatural and transcendent destiny, the infinite powers with which he is endowed as the head of the universe and the son of God, and then contrast such dignity, such exalted position with his low estate of misery in consequence of the fall, we may see in the miraculous conception and birth of Jesus Christ, not a magical display of divine omnipotence, not an external wonder foreign to man's instincts and consciousness, but a human event, an event as truly human as divine, fulfilling the original demands of manhood, answering its instincts and aspirations and completing the divine idea, until then struggling in history towards realization, but ever struggling in vain. Jesus is the perfected man as really as the true God, the antitype of ideal manhood, and therefore the highest manifestation of the Godhead. The glory of the Word made flesh, as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, was possible, in as much as by the original inbreathing of life from God, man as man, has the peculiar capability of being made the medium and organ of such transcendent glory.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

WHERE WE HAVE MISSED IT.

The time was when the abuses of the Church of Rome were glaring, and when her money-getting operations were a disgrace to Christianity. It was no wonder that Luther resisted the blasphemous buffoonery of Tetzl, and that the Reformers generally struck such heavy blows at the nuisance of Papal indulgences. No honest and intelligent Romanist will deny, that there was a crying demand for reformation, which Rome did not satisfy. Hence the nations of Europe found themselves compelled to break loose from the supremacy of the Papal see, and to entrust the keeping of their moral and religious interests into the hands of more faithful keepers. And in nothing was reform more needed than in the notion of meritorious money offerings, instilled so largely into the minds of the people, and in the shameless knavery of the Popes, adopted to replenish their finances. When Protestantism struck at these abuses and pulled up the theological heresy on which they were based, by the roots, it did a good work for the cause of Christ and for the interests of an enlightened humanity.

It need hardly be said, however, that reformers, when they strike at one great error, are liable to fall into another. Paul preached against ceremonial righteousness and proclaimed the freedom of the Gospel. Some

people understood this to mean, that righteousness was by faith regardless of works, and upon this false principle they acted. Protestantism rejected the heresy of money offerings, as a substitute for personal repentance and purity of heart, and then the notion began to prevail with many that finances have no place in the spiritual concerns of a people, and that money must be kept studiously out of the way, lest it corrupt the manners of the Church. This is the dry-rot disease of a certain kind of evangelical orthodoxy, which has brought rottenness of the bones and laxity of the muscles to many a religious household. There is not a Reformation Church in existence, that has not been more or less affected by this ugly evangelical distemper, and none of these has suffered more seriously from it, than the Reformed Church in the United States. We have preached, we have catechized, we have been earnest in the work of religious training, while we left the finances of the Church and the benevolent impulses of the people take care of themselves as best they could. Here it is that we have missed it. Most emphatically this is one of the most serious mistakes of pastoral care that can befall any people, and if Papal indulgences were a crying evil doing great mischief in the Church, and if the Reformers felt themselves constrained, by the love of Christ and His truth, to drive this iniquitous traffic from the house of God, it is no less a necessity that we should learn to regard systematic ecclesiastical and benevolent financing as a part of the Christian life, and indifference in this matter as a ruinous heresy and abuse which must be ejected as an agency of death.

It is true, there were circumstances over which our Church had no control, and which had much to do with the molding of its character and policy in this country. This should be borne in mind. It is not to be set in judgment on the doings of the past, and when we undertake to exercise the royal prerogative of criticising the opinions and measures of our fellow-men. It is our solemn duty to shield former generations against wholesale and sweeping condemnation, whenever this would do injustice to them and the cause they represented; but it would be folly and a serious wrong to cover up the fact, that, in the business of a well-organized congregational activity and financial vigor and beneficence, they have been lamentably weak and aimless. The wisest course for us to pursue in this case is clearly, to make an honest confession of the misery of the past, and to struggle, with all the force of Christian manhood we may possess, to reach a better conception of what properly belongs to the genius of a live, faithful, and spirited Christian people. To do this we ought to find comparatively easy.

We have a confession of faith full of the life of Christ—our theology is sometimes held up as pre-eminent Christocentric. Besides, we are surrounded by the flow of a popular life which inspires to action, and arouses almost irresistibly to enlarged benevolent liberality. Can our warm Germanic nature remain unmoved in the midst of all this high pressure and beneficent impulse? The fathers and founders of our creed and customs struck for freedom, reform, and progress, at the hazard of life, property, and all; and, if we are not the degenerate offspring of such an ancestry, we ought to be able very readily to free ourselves of an evil, which has been entailed upon us by error, by neglect, and by circumstances, but which stares us in the face now as a personal matter, with which we must deal on our own responsibility. If Christ is indeed more than ordinarily in the centre with us, then let us see that He gets also just as fully out into the periphery. It is strange, that He should dwell so largely in the heart and sap of the tree, and yet the branches, so carefully ingrafted into the same, drop so few of the golden fruits which enrich and nourish the Lord's heritage!

That we are called to this work is a plain case—no intelligent and devoted member of our community will deny that fact. And it is just as plain that, to accomplish it, we must be a unit. An army that allows itself to be weakened, in the presence of the enemy, by either personal or partisan bickerings, runs the risk of being ignominiously defeated. The broad and noble issue, that may be involved in the conflict, may go un-

der by the madness of its defenders. A Christian people adhering honestly to one standard of faith, and desiring to have their organization continue, and grow in influence and power, who cannot get clear of an inveterate propensity to magnify minor differences while they neglect or forfeit the weightier matters of charity and organic growth, suffer no wrong when they are handled without gloves in the historic dealings of a just and wise Providence. What right can any particular Church have, in these days of an endless denominationalism, to waste its precious time in partisan hair-splitting, while the claims of a suffering and perishing humanity, coming from the four quarters of heaven, are knocking and pleading at its door? The world-saving aims of the religion of Jesus need no such blind defenders, and its sacred cause will not long be left in their narrow-minded keeping. The swift, broad, generous movements of the day will sweep them, like chaff, in their mighty current. What we need is an inspiration as irenic as that of the genius of the Heidelberg Catechism, brought down to systematic beneficence, in pushing forward the moral and spiritual agencies of the Gospel in its own free way.

It would be a radical error to treat Christian benevolence as a means only to benefit the needy, when, in fact, it is one of the necessary conditions of a healthy growth in personal piety and the religious life of Christian communities. A Christian, who does not know himself and all that he has, to be the property of his Saviour, and who fails to use his talents and his means in the service of his blessed Lord, is, to say the least, a very dead and ignorant disciple; and a Church, which does not move in the full consciousness and power of this law of its calling, is not apt to survive long as the fittest agency for the propagation of the Lord's kingdom. A Church, which is not active and abundant in good works, that does not bring money freely into its worship as a heaven bestowed grace to nourish the growth of God's own planting, is a Church in decline, and may already be in the full embrace of moral and spiritual decay. A money offering as a license to neglect personal obligations, is of course a monstrous perversion of the blessed Gospel; but to put money outside of the ministrations of the Lord's house, and to treat it as an intruder in the pulpit and at the altar, is a sort of evangelical puritanism which is entitled to no more respect than the rankest heresy Rome has ever promulgated. A Church must give in order that it may live. To fail in this one thing is to die.

It is a hopeful sign of the times, that, in this country at least, a compact organization and a spirited beneficent policy are the only powers that can save a Church from decline and downfall. Public opinion and confidence will run with those, who deal with the great problems of the country and the age in a masterly way, and who show themselves equal, theoretically and practically, to the great work of educating and inspiring the popular mind with the cardinal principles of the Christian faith. Theory alone will not suffice—sound doctrine and careful teaching, without well directed, practical energy and combined effort, will not answer. There must be money, and that in liberal sums, to keep up with the generous tendencies of the times. These tendencies may run to extremes and exact too much, but it will do us no harm to yield to them pretty freely, since we have had a lasting exemption from any very great running in that way. I. E. G.

THE AUSTRIAN PERSECUTION.

Our readers are familiar with the action of the Evangelical Alliance at Basle, in the case of the persecution of Protestant Christians, in the vicinity of Prague and with the circumstances which led to it. An influential Deputation was appointed to lay the matter before the Austrian government, and to ask its intervention in securing the religious rights and privileges, to which the people are entitled under the law. That Committee went to Vienna, were received very coldly by the Ministry, but they persevered in seeking and obtaining an interview with the Emperor, by whom they were received in a very different spirit. The Emperor treated them very courteously, and twice, in German and in French, assured

them, that the complaints of his oppressed subjects should be examined and set right. No reference to the missionaries themselves was made, either by the Deputation or the Emperor, but the assurance was given, that the grievances of the Austrian subjects should be redressed, and their rights maintained according to the Austrian Constitution and the Laws. In respect to public meetings, Art. 12 of the fundamental State law of Dec. 21, 1867, declares: "Austrian citizens have the right to assemble, and to form societies;" and Art. 13 says: "Everybody has the right freely to express his opinion by means of word, writing, print, or pictorial representation, within legal limits." The law of Nov. 15, 1867, concerning the right of holding meetings, says, § 2: "Whoever wants to hold a popular meeting, or in general, a meeting accessible to all without limitation to invited guests, must announce this in writing to the authorities at least three days before the intended (time of) holding it, stating the purpose, the place, and the time of (holding) the meeting."

The coolness of the Austrian Ministry toward the Deputation from the Evangelical Alliance, may be accounted for in part by the influence of the chief Protestant Ecclesiastical Judiciary, which governs both the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches of the Empire, many of the leading men in which are Rationalist or Infidel or dead-orthodox, and strongly opposed to the work of the missionaries, and to everything indicating spiritual life. The grounds, too, on which the Ministers had previously decided in favor of the missionaries, had been called into question by the Governors and the Police Directors of Bohemia and Moravia, and in the former were unscrupulously set aside. The Ministry were probably unwilling to commit themselves farther, and were glad to get out of the matter as soon as possible. *N. Y. Observer.*

A WORD TO MINISTERS.

Not a little can be done to prepare a purer day, by personal watchfulness on the part of those who now bear the vessels of the Lord and preach the Cross to the world. Fearful temptations—fearful for their insidiousness—beset them in every community, especially those of them, whom youth makes pliant, or who are ambitious, or companionable, or excitable by nature. It is so easy to see in popularity, in favor, in flattering attentions, omens of success for one's work and increase of the Kingdom! A young clergyman, who finds himself growing intimate with worldly families, on very free terms with men of genial habits and generous temper, who say pleasant things to him; take him to ride, compliment his sermons, and delicately convey to him the compliment of others, smoke and jest with him in his study, and yet are such men that, for aught he knows, they may be, when out of his sight, on terms just as familiar with company that God's law condemns, is in a snare, and he cannot too soon wrench himself away from that snare. An atmosphere is forming itself about him which will take manhood from his ministry, godliness from the springs of his life, fearlessness from his rebukes of iniquity, and power from his example. Meshes are getting woven about him, which will silently and secretly abridge his spiritual influence and humble his independence. Vigilance against all these approaches, however plausible or agreeable, will do much to open the way for holier standards of ecclesiastical policy, and to make public reformations more practicable than they are.—*Bishop Huntington.*

PASTORAL WORK.

When a pastor returns from his vacation to his parochial work, he is almost certain of finding one or more sad and sorrowing ones, who are anxiously waiting for his counsel and comfort. They want to see him, for they have sorrows with which a stranger intermeddles not; no one else will do but the man whom they have learned to trust as counsellor and friend. Herein is seen the sacredness of the relations which a minister sustains. The pastoral office cannot be too greatly magnified. If, under the grace of God, a man is fit to enter it, increasing prayer is necessary to keep him fit to stay in it. Such a source of strength was it to the Greatest Pastor of all, that He thought nothing of spending a whole night in prayer.—*Presbyterian.*

Family Reading.

TURNING OVER THE NEW LEAF.

The year begins. I turn a leaf,
All over writ with good resolves;
Each to fulfill will be in chief
My aim while earth its round revolves.
How many a leaf I've turned before,
And tried to make the record true;
Each year a wreck on time's dull shore
Proved much I dared, but little knew.
Ah, bright resolve! How high you bear
The future's hopeful standard on;
How brave you start; how poor you wear!
How soon are hope and courage gone!
You point to deeds of sacrifice,
You shun the path of careless ease;
Lentils and wooden shoes! Is this
The fare a human soul to please?
What wonder, then, if men do fall,
Where good is ever all austere;
While vice is fair and pleasant all,
And turns the leaf to lead the year?
Yet still once more I turn the leaf,
And mean to walk the better way;
I struggle with old unbelief,
And strive to reach the perfect day.
Why should the road that leads to heaven
Be all one reach of sterile sand?
Why not, just here and there, be given
A rose to deck the weary land?
But why repine? Others have trod,
With sorer feet and heavier sins,
Their painful pathway toward their God—
My pilgrimage anew begins.
Failure and failure, hitherto,
Has time inscribed upon my leaves;
I've wandered many a harvest through,
And never yet have gathered sheaves.
Yet once again the leaf I turn,
Hope against hope for one success;
One merit mark at least to earn,
One sunbeam in the wilderness.

NEW YEAR'S CUSTOMS.

Why did we make presents and pay visits on New Year's Day? Because it was a pleasant way of opening the year, and we liked it! Not at all! Simply because the ancient Romans did so. And we salute each other with "Wish you a happy New Year" for a like potent reason—because the ancient Jews did so.

Titus Tatius, a Sabine king, was the very first man who celebrated New Year's Day—if we can believe the ancient Roman writers—and he lived 747 years before Christ. Little did that innocent, old gentleman suspect that he had laid the foundation of human beings for 2,500 years, and who can guess how many more?

The way it happened, he received a present, one eventful New Year's Day, of branches cut from trees, consecrated to one of the deities of his country—Strenia, Goddess of Strength—which he thought a good omen. Omens, you know, were considered very important in those heathen days, and, in memory of the circumstance, he instituted the custom of giving presents on that day, setting the example by giving them himself, in the name of the goddess.

This is supposed to be the beginning among the Romans, from whom we received it; but how the custom began with Egyptians, Chinese and Jews—all of whom have it—we have not yet found out. We may do so some day, though; for Mother Earth is giving up many old secrets nowadays, and this may be one, still lying buried under fathoms of earth.

The ancient Romans enlarged on the arrangement of Tatius, and sacrificed on this day to their god, Janus, a cake of new sifted meal, with salt, incense, and wine. Workmen were careful to begin a piece of work, and even literary men commenced a new poem or book on that day, as a good omen for the year. The usual presents given were figs or dates, covered with leaf gold and sometimes accompanied with a piece of money, which was used to buy statues of some deity. In ancient pottery are found New Year's gifts, inscribed with "Wishing Happy New Year to you."

This went on till the time of Christ, when the Early Christians tried to put down the heathen festival, which was attended by many superstitions. They wrote against it, and ordered the year to be opened with fasting and prayer and penance for sins. But the custom was too strong to be rooted out, and the old way of making presents and feasting went on as usual, though it received a Christian form.

When the Romans conquered Britain, some, who came to fight, remained to help civilize the barbarians, and to teach them, among other things, the Roman way of celebrating New Year's Day. But, as the people grew less savage, they invented additions of their own, of which there are many traces still to be found.

In the sixteenth century the New Year was ushered in with rejoicing, good wishes, and presents, in palace as well as cottage. In fact, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth it became a great tax on the people, because the presents must

be valuable, and they were expected from everybody. When books became common, they were much prized as New Year's gifts, as they are now; and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they were made on purpose for that use.

The most curious New Year's gift-book on record is one of the seventeenth century, which was presented to the court dwarf of the court of Charles I. It was called "The New Year's Gift, presented at court, from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minium, with a letter penned in short-hand, wherein is proved that little things are better than great."

The book was very small, to correspond with the size of the dwarf, though the name is long enough for an encyclopedia.

I must tell you about this Lord Minium. He was a dwarf by the name of Jeffrey Hudson, who at the age of eight was only eighteen inches high, and was presented to the Queen by the Duchess of Buckingham, served at table in a cold pie. It was the fashion in those days to keep dwarfs, half-witted people, and other monstrosities at court to amuse the high-bred gentlemen and ladies with their antics and oddities, and little Jeffrey became a great favorite. He was, however, very much teased by the big people about him, who should have known better; and one Sir William Davenant amused himself by writing a poem, called "Jeffreidos," in which he described a battle between the dwarf and a turkey-cock. The New Year's book was written in reply.

In Walter Scott's "Peveril of the Peak" the small hero makes a later appearance before the world. The dress of the famous dwarf, of blue satin and white silk, is still preserved in a museum at Oxford, and you can see it when you go there.

As it came down the centuries, the New Year's custom changed with the people. After a while great gifts went out of fashion, and it grew common for each family to assemble around a bowl of spiced ale, called "lamb's wool," in which they drank healths; while the poor went from house to house, with empty bowls, decorated with ribbons, begging for something to fill them.

To this day, though the old customs are mostly outgrown, and it is now celebrated in London merely by ringing the old year out and by social dinner parties and family gifts, there are still some curious relics to be found in the country.

Early in the morning, the people start out in crowds, with big baskets and stout poles. Every one they meet who will not join the crowd is seized, put into a basket, if a woman, and seated on the pole if a man. The victim is carried, with much merriment, to the next public house, where he can get away by paying sixpence.

In another part of England, everybody falls to eating what are called "God-cakes," a three-cornered affair, half an inch thick, and filled with some sort of mincemeat—cheap ones for short purses and better ones for those who can pay for them, but all of the same shape.

The Scotch peasantry are obstinate in clinging to old customs, and some of their New Year's ceremonies are very droll. The first business of the day is to start out to visit one's friends, greeting them with "My Candlemas vows upon you," which means "You owe me a New Year's gift," and the one who says it first is entitled to the gift. That matter settled, they go home to breakfast. Among the boys of the towns, the great fun is to dress up in some old-fashioned coats of their grandfathers, hide their faces under masks (the more hideous the better), their heads under high paper hats, and go about town to houses and shops. This custom is kept up in great style on the moors, where the peasants dress fantastically, take characters, employ fiddlers, and go to farm-houses, where they perform a sort of rude drama, in which each makes a speech, telling who he is supposed to represent. They receive money, cakes, and cheese, and generally end with a dance.

In Edinburgh, till lately, the way to celebrate New Year's was to rush into the streets between twelve and one o'clock at night (on New Year's Eve), to call on the neighbors, with kettles of hot ale and buns and cheese. As every one was out, however, the calls took place in the street, and a great deal of fun was made out of it.

The oddest performance takes place in the Highlands. It begins by gathering loads of juniper bushes on New Year's Eve, which are spread around the fire to dry, while a "discreet person" is sent to the "Dead and Living Pond" (whatever that may be), to draw a pitcher of water. It must be done in perfect silence, and the pitcher not allowed to touch the ground, lest its virtue depart. The first thing on New Year's morning, every one of the family must drink of the water, it being a charm against witches, evil eyes, and other unpleasant things, which these superstitious people still believe in.

With the family yet in bed, the master of the house or some one of the elders takes a large brush, goes to the sleeping-rooms, and sprinkles every one in his bed. This important ceremony over, the doors and windows are closed, every crack and cranny made tight, and piles of the dry juniper bushes lighted in every room. As they burn the vapor forms in clouds; the unfortunate family cough, sneeze, gasp, and groan; but as long as the operator can possibly breathe, with tears streaming down his face, he keeps up his fires till the last moment of endurance arrives, when he throws open doors and windows and rescues his smothering family.

Then the "gude wife" gets up and administers some refreshment; when they feel better, rise and wash their faces, and are ready for the day. This ceremony is supposed to keep them from harm during the year, and the unhappy cattle are treated to the same effectual preventive.

Nothing of this sort takes place in France, where New Year's day is called the gift day; and very properly, too, for every citizen gives and receives presents. No one is so poor or so friendless in Paris as not to receive at least a paper of bonbons. Indeed, it is the very feast of bonbons, and confectioners are the busiest people in the city. We have seen for ourselves, in late years, in what droll forms French candy-makers conceal their sweets. Not only the cornucopia of every degree of elegance and cost—which they call a cornet, by the way; but bunches of carrots, clusters of peapods, boots and shoes, lobsters and crabs, hats, books, gridirons and frying-pans, logs of wood, picture-frames, etc., etc.—each a perfect *fac-simile* of the article in color and shape, but made of sugar and stuffed with candies. Armed with quantities of these, each Frenchman sallies out to call on his friends and make a present to every one, expecting also one in return from every gentleman. Ladies are allowed only to receive.

But bon-bons (though important) are not the only presents made. Dear friends exchange valuable gifts. Parents give portions to their children, brothers to sisters, and husbands to wives. Every one gives to the extent of his ability; and many, it is said, have to pinch the whole year in order to indulge in generous gifts on this great day, which ends with a good dinner to all the family.

I do not speak of American New Year's customs, as they are too familiar to you all to need description.

A curious custom of the Chinese on New Year's Day is to write riddles on slips of paper, paste them on the sides of a lantern and hang them before the doors; often offering rewards for their solution of packages of tea, bundles of fire-crackers, fans, or pencils. People gather around them, and try to solve them, for sport.

On that day all the shops are closed, and no business is done for several days except the selling of candies, sweetmeats, and nuts. The families collect in their houses on New Year's morning, and make offerings to the household gods of rice, vegetables, tea, and wine, with incense and candles. After the "gods" have consumed the spiritual essence of the food (which is all they care for, of course) the family are at liberty to eat the merely earthly and gross remains; which seems to be satisfactory enough too.

That ceremony over, the day is given up to feasting, visiting, and letting off fire-works. Children and servants receive presents from the heads of the family, generally of money, which, if it consists of copper cash, must be strung on a red string; red being a symbol of joy. Among the better classes festivities are kept up for fifteen days, and end with the "Feast of Lanterns," when every variety of shape and style that the fertile imagination of the Chinese can conceive and paper and bamboo be forced into, is presented in lanterns—round, square, flat, men, animals, and monsters. Some roll over and over on the ground; others, shaped like horses and coach, trundle about on wheels. Every house is brilliantly lighted and everybody in the street with lanterns. A very gay sight is a Chinese city at the end of the New Year's celebration.

While we are in China, and it is the time of puzzles, let me give you one of the oldest riddles on record, which is peculiarly appropriate to the season. It was made by Cleobulus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, about 570 B. C. See if you can guess it.

"There is a father with twice six sons. These sons have thirty daughters apiece, parti-colored, having one cheek white and one black, who never see each other's face nor live above twenty-four hours."

An evil mind will be sure to put the worst construction on another's action's; who can stand before envy?

JOHN MILTON AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

And surely it is his simplicity alone that can excuse his conduct to his daughters. Milton's Oriental views of the function of women led him not only to neglect, but to positively prevent the education of his daughters. They were sent to no school at all, but were handed over to a school-mistress in the house. He would not allow them to learn any language, saying, with a sneer, that "for a woman one tongue was enough." The Nemesis, however, that follows selfish sacrifice of others is so sure of stroke that there needs no future world of punishment to adjust the balance. The time came when Milton would have given worlds that his daughters had learned the tongues. He was blind, and could only get at his precious books—could only give expression to his precious verses—through the eyes and hands of others. Whose hands and whose eyes so proper for this as his daughters'? He proceeded to train them to read to him, parrot-like, in five or six languages, which he (the school-master) could at one time have easily taught them, but of which they could not now understand a word. He turned his daughters into reading-machines. It is appalling to think of such a task. That Mary should revolt, and at last, after repeated contests with her taskmaster, learn to hate her father—that she should, when some one spoke in her presence of her father's approaching marriage, make the dreadful speech that "it was no news to hear of his wedding, but if she could hear of his death, that were something"—is unutterably painful, but not surprising.—*The Athenæum*.

THE CONSCIENCES OF CHILDREN.

Little children often have very tender consciences, and are perfectly aware when they have been "naughty."

A little girl one day said to her mother, "Papa calls me good, Auntie calls me good, and everybody calls me good, but I am not good."

"I am very sorry," said the mother. "And so am I," said the child; "but I have got a very naughty think."

"A naughty what?"
"My think is naughty inside of me."
And on her mother inquiring what she meant, she said, "Why, when I could not ride yesterday, I did not cry nor anything, but when you was gone, I wished the carriage would turn over, and the horses would run away, and everything bad. Nobody knew it; but God knew it, and He cannot call me good. Tell me, mamma, how can I be good inside of me?"

IN ALL LABOR THERE IS PROFIT.

We tread the grapes, but shall not drink the wine.
All through the hazy hours of autumn heat
The red juice foams around our weary feet,
Our garments blush with many a purple sign;
But not for us, who trained the meagre vine
To fruitful strength, this vintage shall be sweet;
We shall not join the banqueters who meet
When these rich drops through glowing crystal shine.

Not for our lips the draught our hands prepare;
But when slow time has ripened it, and when
Its mellow warmth makes glad the hearts of men,
May we, the husbandmen, in spirit share
The feasters' joys, which we with painful care
Laid up for them in years before their ken.
—*Fraser's Magazine*.

FOREST MYTHS.

Once upon a time—says a tale widely spread in Asia—four travelers spent a night in a forest, and agreed that one of them should keep watch by turns while the others slept. The first watcher was a carpenter. By way of passing the time, he took his axe, and, out of the stem of a tree lying prostrate hard by, fashioned the form of a woman, shapely in figure and comely in face. Then he woke one of his comrades, and lay down to rest. The second watcher was a tailor. And when he saw the wooden woman lying bare on the ground, he produced his work-basket and bundle of stuffs, and clothed her handsomely from head to foot. Then he, too, resumed his slumber, after having aroused the third of the party who was a jeweller. And the jeweller was struck by the sight of the fair and well-dressed female form leaning against a neighboring tree, and he opened his caskets and decked her with rings and necklaces and bracelets. Then he called the last of the party, who was a holy man, strong in prayer and incantation, and went to sleep. And when the fourth watcher saw the wooden woman, so well dressed and decked, he set to work, and by spells and prayers turned her wood into flesh and blood, and inspired her with life. Just then his three companions awoke, and gazed with wonder and admiration at the lovely creature who stood before them.

Simultaneously each of the four travelers claimed her as his wife; the carpenter because he had framed her, the tailor because he had dressed her, the jeweller because he had adorned her,

and the holy man because he had given her life. A fierce dispute arose. The authorities of the neighboring village were in vain appealed to; the problem, as to which of the four had most claim to the hand of the disputed bride, was too difficult for them to solve. At last it was resolved to submit the case to a higher court. The claimants, the judges, and the audience all went out to the cemetery, and there prayed for a decision from on high. While the prayer went up the woman leaned against a tree. Suddenly the tree opened, and the woman entered it, and was seen no more. As she disappeared, a voice from on high was heard saying, "To its origin shall every created thing return." The mythological core of this story is the idea that human and tree life may be connected. The rest of it has been supplied by teachers, who wished to inculcate the doctrine that all things return to their first elements, and narrators desirous of framing one of the numerous stories involving a problem or puzzle capable of various solutions. The leading idea has been better presented in the following modern Greek folk-tale:—There was once a childless wife, who used to lament saying, "If I only had a child, were it but a laurel berry!" And heaven sent her a golden laurel berry, but its value was not recognized, and it was thrown away. From it sprang a laurel tree which gleamed with golden twigs. At it a Prince, while following the chase, wondered greatly. And determining to return to it, he ordered his cook to prepare a dinner for him beneath its shade. He was obeyed. But during the temporary absence of the cook the tree opened, and forth came a maiden, who strewed a handful of salt over the viands, and then returned into the tree, which immediately closed upon her. The Prince returned and scolded the cook for oversalting the dinner. The cook declared his innocence, but in vain. The next day just the same occurred. So on the next day the Prince kept watch. The tree opened, and the maiden came forth. But before she could return into the tree the Prince caught hold of her and carried her off. After a time she escaped from him, ran back to the tree, and called upon it to open. But it remained shut. So she had to return to the Prince. And after a while he deserted her. It was not till after long wandering that she found him again, and became his royal consort. Hahn thinks this story is founded on the Hellespontic Dravids; but it belongs to an earlier mythological family than the Hellenic, though the Dryad and the Laurel-maiden are undoubtedly kinswomen. Long before the Dryads and Oreads had received from the sculptured Greek mind their perfection of human form and face, trees were credited with woman-like inhabitants capable of doing good and ill, and with powers of their own, apart from those possessed by the supernatural tenants, of banning and blessing.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

COFFEE ICE CREAM.—Make a custard, without any flavor, of a pint of cream and four yolks of eggs. Put into this a quarter of a pound of freshly-roasted mocha coffee berries; they should, if possible, be used hot. Cover up the steppan closely with its lid, putting a napkin over to keep in the steam. Let the custard stand for an hour, strain and sweeten, and when cold put it into the freezing pot. Cream thus prepared will not take the color of the coffee, and when carefully made is very delicate and delicious. Coffee ice cream is also made with a strong infusion of coffee. To make the infusion, put two ounces of freshly ground coffee into a French coffee pot and pour over it a gill of fast-boiling water. When the water has all run through the strainer, take out the coffee grounds and replace them with two ounces of fresh coffee. Then pour the coffee infusion thus obtained to a pint of sweetened cream, or freeze.

EXCELLENT ORANGE JELLY.—For a small dish of jelly take a little more than half a package of Cox's gelatine and dissolve it in a half cup of water, letting it stand for an hour. Then add the juice of five sour oranges and a little less than a pound of white sugar; then, after mixing these together, pour on the whole a half pint of boiling water. The mixture is not to go near the fire at all. Put it into your mould, and set it in a cold place. When ready to serve, dip the mould for an instant into hot water and then turn out the jelly. Double the quantity for a large dish. The cook who has no "judgment" in regard to quantities will never be a good cook. For the tolerable ones it may be added that "a little less than a pound of sugar" may be attained by weighing a pound and then taking out about three level tablespoonsful. "A little more than half a package" of gelatine means half a package and about a level tablespoonful added.

Miscellaneous.

BIRDS.

"Behold the fowls of the air."—Sermon on the Mount.

Oh, ye angels! this your calling,
Benedictions letting falling
With your melody;
Music-waters flowing by,
Streams whose spring is in the sky,
Rivers on your courses singing,
To this worn world ever bringing
Sweetest lullaby,
Soothing sorrow, bringing rest
To the heart with care oppressed:
Who your minstrelsy inspires?
Who instructs your holy choirs?
Who attunes your cherub lyres?
Oh, ye angels! whence your calling,
Benedictions letting falling
From each forest bough?

Yet ye are not from the sky,
Ye have homes to mine hard-by,
And in toil with me ye vie.
Rising soon as early grey
Tells the coming of the day;
Working on till even light
Gives its place to gathering night;
On your daily duty bent,
Yet in mood of sweet content;
Rising ever and anon
Into fresh and fresher song,
So almost deceiving me
That ye might small angels be;
Oh, ye tollers of the earth,
Tell me, tell me, whence your mirth?

Thus one made to me reply,
Pointing upwards to the sky:
"There, my fellow-worker, there
I am taught to leave my care;
From all anxious thoughts I'm free,
For the Father cares for me."
And there came this sudden thought,
Thus it was that Jesus taught—
Taught that all the fever-caring,
Which away man's life is wearing,
All his fear of want and death,
Is but simple lack of faith.

So I found their angel calling,
Felt their benedictions falling:
Opening my blind eyes to see
How heaven's care from care should free,
And how man may draw from thence
Gladness and sweet confidence.

—Sunday Magazine.

THE AGE OF ICE.

All over New England, the hills, even the highest, as Mount Washington, are worn down and rounded; you never see in New England such sharp and jagged peaks, as you find in Utah, California, and some other parts of the country. Something has rounded off your hills.

Go down below the gravel, to the bed rock, and the markings are fresh. I have seen miles of it, as freshly cut, apparently, as if done yesterday.

What could have done it?

There is only one answer. It was ice. The lecturer here introduced the glaciers of Switzerland in illustration of his theory. He afterwards proceeded to show that where there are no boulders in the moving mass the ice, instead of "scratching" or furrowing the rocks, as it does with its imbedded boulders, will in such absence of imprisoned boulders in the bottom of its mass merely polish the rocks it grinds across. In Greenland the whole country is covered with ice—and the whole of New England, New York and Ohio once was, as well as Michigan, Minnesota and considerable parts of Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois. At Lake Superior I have seen the workings of the ancient ice below the water level. Great Britain and other parts of Europe were all more or less submerged with this ancient rush of water and ice.

"The so-called 'erratic boulders' of our northern fields—rocks which clearly do not belong there by any laws of geological formation—were brought southward by the ancient moving ice. The ledges from which they came are invariably north of the present position of these lost rocks. Sometimes forty, sometimes hundreds of miles. Rhode Island is covered with peculiar rocks from a ledge in that part of Massachusetts just north of it, and there is no other such ledge anywhere. Long Island has numerous boulders from the hills of Connecticut. So of Michigan, Ohio, and the States beyond.

But what made it so cold? How came this great and seemingly sudden change of climate here and in Europe?

I frankly answer, I really don't know.

But we know that once, where to-day it is cold, it was warm; it was so in Siberia. In that world of ice there are elephants and mammoths. They are still found—all imbedded in ice. Their flesh is all preserved perfectly. Even their eyes are as full and perfect as though they died this morning. If these creatures had died naturally, and lain around, birds would have picked out their eyes.

My theory may be as wild and extravagant as the rest. But I believe these creatures died suddenly. I believe there was a mighty and a sudden change. I believe there was a sudden shifting of the earth's axis. I believe it came with a shock

—that it came like a thunderbolt. What caused the shock I do not say. We may learn, some time or other; I have my own opinion about it.

Certainly something extraordinary happened. There was a vast and sudden rush of northern seas, rolling southward; they brought with them an incalculable world of ice. There is a mystery about this thing. It is the darkest, most difficult period, to the geologist, in the earth's history. My belief is that the mighty change came like a thunder-clap, and that the globe staggered under it. All the moisture in the polar region condensed into ice. The ice formed so suddenly that it imprisoned enormous quantities of air—and this, unable to burst its icy fetters vertically, had to force itself out sideways, thus causing mighty winds that accompanied the movement of the ice.

The glacial period was long in its duration. It gave to Siberia a summer climate, and such creatures as elephants and mammoths.

Then our planet tipped back again—and the northern regions, like Siberia, again became frigid, and the mammoths were caught and frozen in. The lecturer here related how in 1804 a Russian fisherman discovered and sawed off and sold the enormous ivory tusks of a mammoth imbedded in the ice of northern Siberia, and how a British gentleman finally recovered them and also the whole animal; it was sold to the Government, skinned and stuffed, and is now in the museum at St. Petersburg. Other mammoths have since been got out of the ice.—Prof. Denton.

ROGATION DAYS.

There arose in the middle of the fifth century a custom of setting apart the three days immediately preceding Ascension Day as Litany or Rogation Days. This custom was introduced by Mamerus, Bishop of Vienne, a Gallic diocese, which in the latter half of the second century had suffered from the violent persecution that broke out in the reign of Marcus Aurelius. Out of gratitude for the success of the intercessions which had cleared the area of his jurisdiction of several direful evils that afflicted it, Mamerus appointed these days to commemorate the deliverance of his flock, and as a preparation for the coming feast of Ascension. Litanies, or rogations, were not new in the Church in the time of Mamerus, but it was he who first fixed them to these particular days; and the observance of them gradually spread among the churches in the West until the era of the Reformation, which frowned upon the public processions by which their supplications had been accompanied. The first Council of Orleans, A. D. 511, appointed the yearly observance of this triduum; and the Council of Mayence, A. D. 813, ordained various acts of penitence and deprecation as proper to the season, which was to be one of "abstinence and not of joy." The Rogation fast was, however, a thing unknown to the Greek Church, which always preserved unbroken the festival character of the period. In the Church of England it was thought fit to continue the observance of these days as private fasts. There is no office appointed for the Rogation Days in the *Book of Common Prayer*; but among the Homilies there is one designed for the improvement of these days. The requisitions of the Church are "abstinence" and "extraordinary acts and exercises of devotion." Perambulations were in many parishes observed on the Rogation Days; during which, as ordained by an injunction of Queen Elizabeth, the curate was "to admonish the people to give thanks to God, in the beholding of God's benefits, for the increase and abundance of His fruits upon the face of the earth, with the saying of the 104th Psalm." George Herbert's *Country Parson* is represented as a great lover of these quasi-religious processions, which he well-knew how to turn to the pious purposes just mentioned; and Izaak Walton, in his *Life of Hooker*, has a pleasant picture of that judicious person upon his annual perambulations, of the keeping up of which he was a staunch advocate, and during which he would vary as grave and gay, facetious and didactic, but above all exhorting his parishioners then present "to meekness and mutual kindness and love."

GATHERING FIGS IN ITALY.

Although indigenous to Asia and Barbary, the fig has been so long and so extensively cultivated in Italy that it may be considered native on the ground of the Irishman's remark that he had been a native of a certain county for ten years! The season, just at its height, joins hands in October with the vendemmia, or vintage; but it begins in August, owing to a curious system of culture. Early in that month as you sit gaping under the noon-day sun you hear a wild, eerie strain in minor-key which goes echoing up and down the slopes with intense mournful-

ness. It is the song of the fig-gatherers, tossing back and forth from hillside to hillside, and from treetop to treetop, as they squirm through the twisted branches and "oil the fruit." The tribe is nomadic, and appears and disappears like the wandering harvesters of France, no one knowing whence they come or whither they go. Late in July the massarie are rented to them, they paying a given sum to the proprietor, and taking possession of all the fruit, beginning with the figs and ending with the last waxen cluster of grapes. Rude huts thatched with straw are built by the proprietor in all his orchards, and there the gypsy-like creatures live with their families—stalwart, fierce-looking men, swarthy, dark-eyed women, and active, lithe young rascals of children. Sometimes they supplement their narrow quarters with a ragged tent—three sticks crosswise and the kettle in the crotch constitute the kitchen. Beds are an unknown luxury. Indeed, they seem never to lay aside their clothing, and day and night they patrol the orchards with long guns and a fierce dog, the very sight of which is enough to destroy one's appetite for those particular figs.

The process of forcing the fruit is at once begun, and for many days that wild, sweet song, into whose weird melody the spirit of their homeless life seems to have entered, is heard from tree to tree, in call and response, as far as the faintest adumbration of sound can reach. The methods of forcing the ripening are curious. In one a wad of cotton is dipped in oil and gently rubbed on the lower end of the fig. Fig by fig is thus treated, and eight days thereafter the fruit is ready for market, where it commands a high price as a *primeur*. Another method consists in gathering in the spring the half-formed fruit, which is strung on ropes as we string dried fruits. These ropes or garlands are thrown over the branches of the tree and allowed to decay under the burning sun. Life out of death. An insect is born from this decay which pierces the growing fig and induces rapid maturity—or, shall we call it early decay? maturity being only that precious zenith of existence which must inevitably be followed by decline. Leaving such premature sweetness to the epicure, one may well be content to wait the result of nature's unhurried process. The fig, when perfectly ripe, exudes a slow drop of honey-sweet juice at the nether end, which never falls, but hangs there, a standing temptation to bees and men. When fresh picked, at this stage, the fig is indescribably luscious, with a rich flavor entirely lost in the dried fruit.

PUTTING A GIRDLE AROUND THE EARTH.

There is an unbroken chain of communication by steam from England to the northern end of Lake Nyassa in Central Africa, excepting seventy miles of the Murchison Cataract, on the Shire River; and it is ascertained that Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika are but 130 miles apart instead of 250.

Selections.

He who is not the better for his religious knowledge, will assuredly be the worse for it.

The gold of the sanctuary must be tried before it is accepted; and is thrown into the fire, not because it is of no value, but because it is so precious.—*Lady Powerscourt*.

There cannot be a secret Christian. Grace is like ointment hid in the hand; it betrays itself. If you truly feel the sweetness of the cross of Christ, you will be constrained to confess Christ before men.—*McCheyne*.

Not all who seem to fail, have failed indeed. What, though the seed be cast by the way-side,

And the birds take it—yet the birds are fed.

—Charles Kingsley.

How absolute and omnipotent is the silence of night! And yet the stillness seems almost audible. From all the measureless depths of air around us comes a half sound, a half whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling of earth and all created things in the great miracles of nature, decay and reproduction, ever beginning, never ending, the gradual lapse of and running of the sand in the hour-glass of time.—*Longfellow*.

Nothing raises the price of a blessing like its removal; whereas, it was its continuance which should have taught us its value. There are three requisites to the proper enjoyment of earthly blessings—a thankful reflection on the goodness of the Giver, a deep sense of our unworthiness, a recollection of the uncertainty of long possessing them. The first would make us grateful; the second, humble, and the third, moderate.

O Jesus, Lord, Thou knowest there are days
When, like the woman weeping at the tomb,
"My Lord is taken away," the fond heart says,

And though it break, to Thee it cannot come.

O Light, that lightest all upon the earth,
O Love Divine, that wilt all to save,
Shine on our eyes, sin-blinded, from the birth;

Speak to us, as to Mary at the grave,
And we shall turn, and wondering, look on Thee,

That Thou should'st be so near and we not see.

I am persuaded that many persons say more about their sins being too great to be pardoned than they either believe or feel, from a supposition that it is a token of humility to talk thus. God cannot be glorified, nor Christ honored, by doubting of His ability or willingness to save.—*James*.

Science and Art.

The church of the small town of Savenhem, in Belgium, possesses a celebrated picture by Van Dyck, representing a scene from the life of St. Martin. Van Dyck has portrayed himself as the saint, and his master, Sir Peter Paul Rubens, as one of the personages in the scene. It is reported that the Prince of Wales has offered 300,000 francs for the picture, but that the Belgian Government, having heard of the offer, will purchase it for the State Museum.

Whether the electric light is comparatively cheap or not, it seems to be very satisfactory to those who use it. An Inman line steamship which arrived in New York last week carried a dynamo electric machine, which furnished four electric lights for the saloon and two for the steerage, and the passengers on their arrival joined in giving a most enthusiastic endorsement of the new system of lighting. They say that the saloon "blazed with light, so that reading, writing and even sewing have been possible in every part of the room, and this, too, under circumstances of ease and comfort heretofore unattainable through any process of illumination on ship-board." The lights were from carbon points, and each had a lighting power of 400 standard candles. They cannot add much to the running expenses of the vessel, even though they should prove relatively much more costly than oil lamps, and the added convenience to passengers, safety from accidents by fire, and the absence of objectionable smells and dirt from their use are so many reasons for adopting them in spite of additional cost. There is besides the advantage that the same machinery could be used to furnish a powerful headlight, protecting to some extent, if not insuring the vessel from accident by collision.—*Ledger*.

A young physician in New York has invented a curious little instrument for observing and measuring the pulse-waves of the human circulation, which, in simplicity of construction and application, takes precedence of all the instruments for this purpose so far produced by human ingenuity. A minute disk of hard rubber firmly fixed to the base of a graduated tube, such as is used in the manufacture of thermometers, forms the essential part of the instrument. At the base, where the rubber diaphragm is adjusted to it, the glass tube is somewhat expanded in diameter, so as to form, with the diaphragm for a floor, a receptacle capable of holding a few minims of water colored with carmine. The remainder of the tube has the internal diameter of that of our ordinary medical thermometer. When the disk of the instrument is placed firmly upon or against the wrist, the vibration of the tissues beneath caused by the artery is communicated to it, and the colored liquid dances up and down in the tube, registering to the eye of the practiced physician the force and particular description of each wave. Simple as the instrument is, it is said that its delicacy and accuracy are marvellous, while there are no adjustments to get out of order, and the merest tyro can apply it successfully. Few applications of the principle of the vibrating disk, since the invention of the telephone started the scientific public, have produced more curious or more exact results than this little device for taking a mathematical register of the force and graphic description of the human pulse.

Personal.

Dr. Henry Foster has presented a new building to the Young Men's Christian Association at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Mrs. James, the widow of Mr. G. P. R. James, the novelist, is living at Bau-Claire, Wis. She is now a woman of eighty years, and is cared for by her sons.

Dr. Leonard W. Bacon is building a house which is to be covered with California redwood shingle, and is to have the chimneys standing on the outside.

Kossuth has issued an appeal for subscriptions to his promised memoirs. The veteran orator, now in his seventy-eighth year, has been forced to undertake this task in order to earn money, since he lives entirely by the produce of his pen.

Mr. Ruskin's opinions about architecture do not grow less positive. "I care no more," he writes, "about any modern churches or church furniture than about the drop-scene at Drury Lane—not so much, indeed, if the truth were all told."

"Dan" Rice, the famous circus man, announced last week that he has been converted and that he will at once enter the field as an evangelist. He has had an interview with Mr. Moody, who is now holding meetings here, and will probably begin his new career by speaking at Mr. Moody's meetings.

Alexander Stuart, younger brother of the firm of R. L. & A. Stuart, millionaire merchants of New York, died on the 23d inst., aged 70 years. Mr. Stuart was well known by his large contributions to the Presbyterian Church. He bought and gave church edifices to weak congregations, endowed professorships, and replenished the exhausted treasuries of the Boards. It was he who founded the hall for the Theological Seminary at Princeton and presented the furnished mansion to the college of New Jersey for the use of the President.

Books and Periodicals.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH GENERAL GRANT. By John Russell Young. New York: Subscription Book Department of the American News Company; Philadelphia Office, 907 Arch Street.

The fourteenth part of this handsome and truly interesting publication is before us. It details the visit to Singapore and Siam, and gives the reader an insight to the inner life of the peculiar people of those Asiatic insular regions. As in the previous number, so in this, many of the private conversations of General Grant in reference to public men and the great interests of the American government, are given. The General shows his good sense by the candor and moderation of his sentiments as expressed, whilst he does not hesitate to unbosom himself freely.

Six more parts will complete the work, which, when finished and handsomely bound, will richly adorn a parlor table.

THE LOST TRUTHS OF CHRISTIANITY. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.; London: 16 Southampton Street, Covent Garden. Pp. 284.

This work is given to the public without any clue to the name of the author. In this doubtless a purpose is to be subserved. The writer is certainly no mere surface thinker, whatever opinion may be formed of the leading sentiments advanced. His work requires to be studied, as well as read, in order to be understood and appreciated. The very title strikes the reader strangely, and seems to indicate a pretentiousness, which operates prejudicially against it, in advance. The truths of Christianity, it is alleged, have been lost, and are now rediscovered, through the remarkable penetrative and superhuman powers of the present author! Notwithstanding all this, the work deserves to be carefully read.

Great stress, after the Swedenborgian fashion, is laid upon the internal sense of the word; and accordingly, the tendency to spiritualism and allegorism is constantly manifested. The old-fashioned and long received doctrine of the Trinity in the Godhead, is discarded, being denounced, as is usual in such cases, as absolute Trithism. The Divine Man, as He is called, constituted by the mysterious union of deity with humanity, through the medium of the virgin, embodies in Himself in one person the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and is the one only true and absolute God.

So likewise the generally received view of the Atonement is pronounced absurd, and unworthy of the Divine being. The idea of a vicarious sacrifice, in the way of enduring the penalty of the law, is wholly renounced. Christ has redeemed humanity by overcoming its infirmities through the agency of Divinity which, in Him, became united with it; and the salvation of sinners is effected through their participation of this redeemed humanity, brought about through the work of regeneration, a particular theory as to the nature of which is also given.

This brief sketch of the line of thought running through the work is necessarily imperfect. Still, it may serve to impart some idea of its nature, and to enlist the attention of the intelligent reader. The writer seeks to sustain his positions by a vast array of Scripture quotations, with regard to the pertinency of which in each case, the reader must judge. Though interested in the work and profited, we trust, by its perusal, we are by no means weakened, but rather strengthened in our own belief of the orthodoxy of the teachings of the symbol of faith, which we learned to respect in our youth, and have since then studied with unabating, yes rather, increasing interest.

F.

NELLIE'S NEW YEAR. By Rev. Edward A. Rand, Author of "Christmas Jack." American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York, and 1512 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Pp. 351. Price \$1.25.

This work is written in a style well adapted to attract and interest the young, for whose benefit it is specially written. The lessons taught are of the most salutary kind. From its perusal, the young reader can learn how they can, in many ways, make themselves useful, and thus help contributing to the relief and comfort of others, most successfully promote their own happiness. Such works cannot be too greatly multiplied, nor too extensively circulated among the young.

F.

FOUNDATION STONES FOR YOUNG BUILDERS. A New Year's Book for the Boys and Girls of America. By the Rev. John Hall, D. D., New York: American Sunday-School Union, No. 1122 Chestnut St., Phila. Nos. 8 and 10 Bible House, New York; 73 Randolph St., Chicago. Pp. 179.

This is a first-rate book, finely illustrated and full of good, healthy reading for the young. It ought to go into Sunday-School libraries.

WIDE AWAKE. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., 32 Franklin St., Boston. Terms \$2.00 a year; comes us with enlarged pages. The January number of this magazine for young people, is beautifully printed and stuffed full of pictures, as a Christmas pudding is stuffed with plums.

SCRIBNER'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE for January opens with an article on the "United States Life-Saving Service," followed by one on "Success with Small Fruits." It contains also a sketch of a "Young Artist's Life in New York," and an account of "American Arms and Ammunition." It tells besides of the "Arcadians of Louisiana." These articles are all finely illustrated. And then "The Grandisimes," and "Confidence," are continued. The number is filled up with sparkling matter of various kinds. Terms \$4.00 a year. Address Scribner & Co., 743 Broadway, N. Y.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for December, 1879. The Lord's Prayer and the Church: Letters addressed to the Clergy. By John Ruskin, D. C. L.; India under Lord Lytton. By Lieut. Colonel R. D. Osborn; On the Utility to Flowers of their Beauty. By the Hon. Justice Fry; Where are we in Art? By Lady Verney; Life in Constantinople Fifty Years Ago. By an Eastern Statesman; Miracles, Prayer, and Law. By J. Boyd Kinnear; What is Rent? By Professor Bonamy Price; Buddhism and Jainism. By Professor Monier Williams; Lord Beaconsfield: I. Why we Follow Him. By a Tory. 2. Why we Disbelieve in Him. By a Whig; Contemporary Life and Thought in France. By Gabriel Monod; War: Wings: A Yachting Romance. Chapters XIV. to XVI. By William Blake. From *Cornhill Magazine*. New York: George Munro, Publisher, 17 to 27 Vandewater Street. Published Monthly, Price 20 cents.

A NEW VOLUME. *Littell's Living Age* enters upon its one hundred and forty-fourth volume in January. It has just begun the publication, from advance sheets, of a new serial story by an author who does not often come before the public, but has done some of the best literary work of the day. Those who read "Dorothy Fox" and "Hero Caribow," by Mrs. Parr, published some years ago, do not need to be told that they may expect in her new story, "Adam and Eve," one of the freshest and most charming serials of the present time. Another new serial, by Mrs. Oliphant, also recently begun in *The Living Age*, promises to be one of that author's best productions. In this department of the magazine, through the year, the best foreign authors are represented, and the choicest short stories are included.

In science, art, theology, politics, and general literature, valuable articles are announced for early numbers of the new year, from the pens of Dean Stanley, The Duke of Argyll (First Impressions of America), Dr. W. B. Carpenter, F. R. S., the Archbishop of Canterbury, John Ruskin, Prof. Owen, Prof. Blackie, James Payn (The Literary Calling and its Future), Jan. A. Froese, Richard A. Proctor, W. Minto (Letters of Charles Dickens), Frances Power Cobbe, Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and other leading writers, with interesting papers by Mrs. Mulock-Craig, Mrs. Oliphant, Sarah Tytler, etc. The recent decided improvement in foreign periodical literature, caused by the establishment of the "Nineteenth Century" and other reviews, is to be carried still further by the founding of new periodicals in England in 1880; and the ablest minds of the time will more than ever find expression in this literature. *The Living Age* gives their important and indispensable productions with a completeness attempted by no other publication. Its conductors, too, have the advantage of long experience in rendering the quality of its reading as unequalled as is the quantity.

The publishers present to new subscribers for 1880 the six numbers of 1879 which contain the opening chapters of the two new serials above mentioned. The present is therefore a favorable time for beginning a subscription. For fifty-two numbers (besides the free numbers) of sixty-four large pages each (or over 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8.) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year (including the extra numbers of the latter), both postpaid. LITTELL & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for December, 1879. Martial Law in Kabul. By Frederic Harrison; The Austro-German Alliance. By Emile De Laveleye; Land-Law Reform. By G. Osborne Morgan, Q. C., M. P.; Mr. Carlyle's Political Doctrines. By W. L. Courtney; Italy. By W. J. Stillman; The Letters of Charles Dickens. By W. Minto; Loyalty. By Edward A. Freeman; C. B. Bolgrade to Samakov. By Humphry Sandwith; C. B. Buddha's First Sermon. By T. W. Rhys Davids; Home and Foreign Affairs; Young Mrs. Jardine. By Miss Mulock. Chapter XIV. to the End. From *Good Words*. New York: George Munro, Publisher, 17 to 27 Vandewater St. Published Monthly, Price 20 cents.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
 Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
 Rev. T. J. BARKLEY,
 Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.
 For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1879.

THE MYSTERY OF TIME.

The man, who attempts to fathom and exhaust the significance and meaning of that impalpable something which goes under the name of *Time*, will, unless he is a self-sufficient wisacre, soon acknowledge that he has ventured into deep waters. John Locke, who published his "Essay on Human Understanding," three years after Newton's *Principia* had appeared, taught that there were no ideas except those conveyed to the mind through the senses, but when asked "How, then, can any one get an idea of 'Time'?" he was as greatly confused as the Greek philosopher, who held that there was no such thing as matter, and was perplexed when some one asked him to walk through one of the marble columns of the temple of Minerva.

The old mythology represented Chronos as the father of a multitude of children, no one of whom, however, was born until his predecessor had died—a wondrous lesson of wisdom that teaches us to seize the present, because moments are so precious that we can not enjoy two of them at once, and have no right to presume that each will not be the last; but the sweep of the years and ages are none the less a mystery to us for all that.

The mystery of time is increased when we think of the effect sin has had upon it, changing it into a mere probation for mortal men. The practical question now grows out of its relation to eternity, and the fact that what is done during its "narrow span" determines our happiness or misery throughout the ceaseless on-flow that will continue after the Angel of God, with one foot upon the land and one upon the sea, shall say that Time shall be no more.

Some one long since compared Time to "an island which God pushed up from the ocean of eternity to accomplish His purposes, then to sink back into its oblivion wave." We stand in doubt of the "oblivion" of eternity. The issues of time, have just their force when its limits have been passed. During its course, evil found an entrance to our world, vitiating the whole life of humanity. Whatever may have been God's purpose in creating man, His love stood ready to follow him through all possibilities, and when he fell, the manifestation of God was with a view to his redemption. And here comes in the great counterpart of sin, Christ taking upon Him our nature "in the fulness of time," that the problem of salvation might be historically wrought out. There is no use to try to fathom the depths of this. Its only solution is in Him, who undertook our cause and will bring all things to a glorious consummation of bliss at the last day. At this period of the Church year, we may well bow before the transcendent fact of the Incarnation of our Lord; think of His Circumcision, and then follow Him on to His sacrifice, His Resurrection, and glorious Ascension to the Right Hand of the Majesty on High.

ON THE WRONG TRACK.

General Grant seems to have wisdom enough to know that silence is golden. His reticence has done a great deal for him, and what is more, his few and short utterances have generally been so marked with good sense as to illustrate the proverb, that speech may be as silver. But he missed it egregiously, if he is correctly reported as saying to the congregated school children of this city, "The safeguard of all power in a free Republic is the wide diffusion of knowledge."

We would not underrate the wide diffusion of knowledge; for we know how often ignorance and vice are associated; but all history proves that mere knowledge is insufficient to keep men from the debasing and disintegrating power of sin, which is a reproach and the certain destruction of any nation.

Knowledge has not kept individuals, conspicuous for its possession, from crime. It did not prevent Alcibiades, the best informed citizen of Greece, from becoming a notorious profligate. It did not restrain the avarice of Marlborough, or prevent Lord Bacon from robbing the British Treasury, and it has not kept educated men in later times from notorious rascality. Nor has it kept the nations from decay. The old Republics, which stood on the summit of intellectual greatness, fell a prey to inward corruption. Athenian learning was exceeded and overpowered by Athenian immorality, and Rome fell to pieces, not by reason of her extended territory, but because of inward rotteness. Educated human nature, if unsanctified, will be but developed vice, and the powers of a cultivated mind may be used for the furtherance of evil.

The only preservation of any people is the religion of Jesus Christ, which not only enlightens the mind, but helps men to meet and overcome the processes of wickedness.

THE CHRISTMAS GLOW OF THE NEWS-PAPERS.

It is pleasing to look at our exchanges and observe how the glow of Christmas illumines them all. It seems as if the light, which was to enlighten the Gentiles, has shed its beams over every thing and cheered it with the Day-spring from on high. We are delighted, that our estimable Presbyterian contemporaries have laid aside the Scotch thistle, to twine the Holly and wreath the Bay. And we are particularly pleased with the *Herald and Presbyterian*. It says editorially, that, while the Catholic and other ritualistic Churches observe Christmas as a religious holiday, "other Churches respect it, in its religious aspect, but their people keep it as a day of social enjoyment." "With us the day is one for enjoyment, for social gatherings and presents, for music, good dinners and fun." And yet no paper came to us this week more chuck full of inspiring Christmas carols, Christmas stories and Christmas joys in general. The whole number fairly sparkles, and we will lay it aside with the hope of availing ourselves of some of the beautiful selections in future.

But what is the use to try to dissociate the day from the advent of Christ, which after all gives it its true significance and makes it a season of pleasure? Our contemporary may not be satisfied about the date, but the Christian world has accepted even that, and the fact of the Incarnation is recognized as a glorious verity, which, as a writer in the *New York Observer* reminds us, was one of the only two events, over which earth was honored by the anthems of Heaven. Why then should not the Angels' song of glory to God, and peace and good will among men, be joined to Him through whom alone they are possible? It is neither superstitious, nor ritualistic to celebrate Christmas, as our most conservative Protestant exchanges attest, and all efforts to make it a mere day of "good dinners and fun," entirely separated from thoughts of the Holy Child Jesus, will be apt to turn it into a carnival, which, without the restraining, sanctifying power of grace, will prove a curse.

It is gratifying to note, that all secular papers, and especially the Philadelphia dailies, felt the necessity of holding up on the Grant boom, so far as to give matter more nearly related to the true Desire of all Nations. Some of this might suit the theory of our Cincinnati exchange. The *Record* of the 26th, for instance, has a column and a half article under the head of "Christmas on Ice." It tells how a party of scientists spent the 25th day of December at "a lonely hamlet of igloos in the midst of the rough scenery, and desolate air of an Arctic winter." There was plenty of venison; enough for "good dinners and

fun," but no Christ in it, and the Christian heart is almost frozen in reading it.

However, Christmas will take care of itself. There is a world-fact behind it, which will assert itself, and crop out everywhere in time.

THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE.

It looks sometimes as if the Telephone might break up the assembling of the saints in the course of a few years. The instrument has already been put in use, to aid the sick who are unable to quit their beds; and that is all well enough, but here comes a paragraph telling us how its utility was lately demonstrated as a transmitter of sermons to those who, for all we know, might have gone to Church. From the First Congregational Church, in Columbus, the wires ran from the pulpit to the newspaper offices, the Governor's room, and several stores. At each place the various noises in the Church were distinctly heard—the rustling of people in their seats, the organ voluntary, congregational singing, the prayer, and the reading of notices. "Then," says a paper, "followed the sermon, as much enjoyed by the distant groups of listeners as by those in the church." After a while the rich will be able to sit in their parlors and enjoy the ministrations of the Word, and even the poor who can afford two tin cans and a string can stay at home. Why not run the wires to the pastor's study, and save church buildings entirely? The sermon is all some people value.

THE NEW YEAR.

To-night, at the hour of twelve, the clocks and bells from thousands of towers, will proclaim to humanity—silently watching or sleeping—that another annual cycle has been completed. A few hours more, and there will be added to the age of the world and its inhabitants the important period of a year—the longest natural period of time of which man is sensible.

As a nation, we are about to begin another decade in the life and history of our commonwealth. Another round number in the national calendar will soon be written. A new census will be taken,—our people will be numbered,—and the increase of population over that of ten years ago will be discovered and made known. It will also be the quadrennial year of political activity and excitement, throughout the length and breadth of our national domain. "The Lord reigneth," and if He choose for us—and He will, if we sincerely ask of Him—it will be our joy and our blessing.

We of the Reformed Church are entering upon a New Year and era of peace, and, we trust, also of prosperity. The Peace Commission has done its work. Already have we enjoyed its Christmas gifts to the whole Church—Unity, Concord, Love. With these we will begin the new year. Our banner is Peace and Good Will. Under that we can march through the coming year and through all time to come. It is a banner that spreads its folds over our whole beloved Zion. It will be for us, therefore, a year of special thanksgiving to God for the great grace thus bestowed upon us, whereby we have been enabled to "Keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

Shall it be also a year of good resolutions, faithfully kept? Sometimes we blame and even cast ridicule upon Synods and Classes for passing resolutions and not carrying them out; but how can it be otherwise, if their efforts and deliverances are not responded to by the people? Be it resolved, therefore, that, with the help of the Lord, there shall be more money contributed in this year of grace to the various objects of Christian benevolence, than is even laid to our charge by the councils of the Church. And be it resolved, that, as another year of Christian opportunity is past, and cannot be recalled, and we are by that much nearer the end of our course in the Church militant, seeing our time is short, we devote ourselves unreservedly to the service of our blessed Master, that when He comes to reckon with us we may render our account with joy.

THE WILHELM BEQUEST.

As is known to the readers of the MESSENGER, a bequest was made some time ago, to our institutions at Lancaster, Pa., by the surviving brother of the Wilhelm family, of Somerset county, Pa. The realization of the bequest, however, was endangered by the death of the testator, prior to the expiration of the thirty days after the execution of the will, required by the laws of Pennsylvania to make such a bequest valid. There were some circumstances connected with the case, however, which, it was thought, would enable the institutions to realize something from the bequest. The matter has been looked after by careful hands, and with a successful result, the nature of which is stated in the following article, copied from the *Altoona Call*:

"Hon. John Cessna has just closed an amicable settlement of what is known in Somerset and Reformed Church circles as the Wilhelm will case. There were three bachelor brothers of a family named Wilhelm, who lived on a large and very productive farm in Somerset county from their boyhood, laboring and economizing until they had collected an estate estimated variously as worth from \$60,000 to \$120,000.

These brothers were devoted Christians, members of the German Reformed Church, and had agreed that the property which they had in common should remain in the possession of the survivors as, death removed one, and when but one survived he would will it to the Franklin and Marshall College and Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church. All the family records showed the existence of such an agreement, and before the last surviving brother died he made a will conveying all his property, real and personal, to the College and Seminary in question, but the will was not old enough at his death to be valid, he having expired within the thirty days prescribed by law for bequests to churches and church purposes, colleges, &c.

Under these circumstances the children of two sisters came in and contested the will. Two years ago a settlement was made with one-third of these heirs; a little over a year ago a similar settlement was made with another third, and this week Mr. Cessna, the legal representative of the College and Seminary, made a last final settlement with the remaining heirs. After paying all the taxes collectable on the estate, and dividing \$30,000 among the heirs in question, it is now estimated by Mr. Cessna, that the College and Seminary will receive \$90,000 in personal and real estate.

Settlements like these are unusual, but in this case most creditable, as the College and Seminary authorities were entirely guided by their counsel, Mr. Cessna, who managed the negotiations throughout with the success described, keeping the contest out of the courts so far as litigation is concerned, and closing the affair to the satisfaction of all concerned."

DECEASE OF MISS REBECCA MAY FISHER.

Miss Rebecca May Fisher, daughter of Rev. Dr. S. R. Fisher, died in this city on Sunday evening, the 28th inst. She was born in Chambersburg, Pa., on the 5th day of July, 1840, and lived in that place up to the time of her father's removal to Philadelphia in 1864. She was personally known and greatly beloved by many, not only in the town of her birth and here, but throughout our Church. Our ministers and others who have enjoyed the hospitality of her father's house in times past will remember her with interest. For years her health was so delicate that life appeared to hang upon a thread, and the wonder is that she survived so long; but she had that strange vitality and will power, which seems at times to resist disease. She was a bright, neat, cheery person, moving about the house without pain though oppressed, until a few minutes before her release, and at last the lamp went out, not by blast or violence but for want of oil. She knew her liability to be taken off at any moment, and talked about her early departure with a calmness that is possible only to those who are sustained by faith in Christ. Her devotion to her father was very tender,

her only desire for life being that she might minister to him in his last hours.

She was a help to him not only in his home, but in his work. During the time he had sole charge of the MESSENGER she wrote the "Book Notices" of the lighter literature sent to the paper for review, and in this she showed more than ordinary ability. From the time of the first publication of *Sunshine*, up to the last number, she did all the work upon it, and hundreds of little children were pleased and profited by the way in which she brightened its pages. This and the care she bestowed upon the boys of her Sunday-school class, up to the last, made up her more public work for Christ.

We could not but feel as we commended her soul to God in the dying hour, of her fidelity in the midst of difficulties that would have discouraged many from effort, and of the bright crown she was about to receive. Her remains will be laid in the beautiful old Church-yard in Chambersburg, on Wednesday. Dr. Fisher will, we know, receive the sympathy of his brethren in the desolation of his home, but all will rejoice in his hope of a speedy reunion with his loved ones in the many-mansioned house of the Heavenly Father.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

It is not our custom to call attention to periodical literature in our editorial columns, but we think *Littell's Living Age*, mentioned from week to week among our Book Notices, is worthy of especial commendation, at this, the beginning of a new year. This is an old publication, now commencing its one hundred and forty-fourth volume from beginning, with January 1880, and is made up of selections from the best Reviews and Magazines of the day. As an Eclectic we commend it to our readers.

The *Penn Monthly*, edited by Rev. R. Ellis Thompson, whose excellent remarks upon the events of each month, and other contributions, make it especially desirable, is also a favorite with us. The best talent is employed upon the work, and the wide range of subjects, religious, educational, political, and scientific, makes it a first class magazine.

We are in receipt of the "Contemporary Review," "The Nineteenth Century," and "The Fortnightly Review," from George Monroe, Publisher, 17 Vandewater Street, New York. Price 20 cents per number. These reprints are very cheap, and give the thoughts of leading English writers upon the live topics of the day.

Notes and Quotes.

The Long Island Synod has justified the appeal of Dr. Talmage from the Brooklyn Presbytery by acquitting him of the charges brought against him; but the criminations and re-criminations, which have since been indulged in, seem to have re-opened wounds that ought to have been healed. Inability to condone seems to be the main obstacle to reconciliation between Dr. Talmage and his brethren.

We lately copied an article by Dr. Prime, on "Children and the Church," which we thought timely. Since then a short contribution has appeared in the *N. Y. Observer*, on the general subject, which is suggestive. We quote it, as eminently suggestive:

"One thought in your letter, 'Children and the Church,' should be emphasized. It is this:—'Children should be brought up to attend church regularly with their parents, sitting in the same pew.' I asked one of our elders why our minister never brought his children to church. He said: 'They do sometimes come, but they never sit with their mother. They sit in the back seat near the door, and you never see them.' 'Never sit with their mother.' That seemed almost as bad as not to come at all. I have since learned, that they are very ill-behaved in church.—And why not?"

Certainly one point gained in taking our children to church is having them with us. It will not do to send children to church. They should go with their parents and sit in the same pew."

Communications.

A MOUNTAIN IN LABOR.

The President of Classis No. 1, numbering thirty-five ministers and as many elders, in the midst of pressing pastoral work, received the following notice:

Rev. —, President of — Classis — Dear Bro.: You are hereby requested to call a special meeting of Classis, at a place of your own selection, to act on the following item: To dismiss Rev. — to the — Classis.

N. B.—Please call the meeting soon, as Bro. — has received and accepted a call from — charge, and desires to be installed at an early day.

Yes, call a meeting of Classis to take action on a single item of business and that one involving only the transfer of the membership of a single person to another Classis.

But the transfer must be made; for the Constitution, as well as proper order demand it. There is therefore no alternative. A special meeting must be called.

And a notice in this Church paper is not sufficient; for the Constitution very properly requires, that all the members of Classis be officially notified, and the Church paper is not the official organ of the president. Hence, no matter how weary by labor done, or however much engrossed with pressing work, at it he must, and write thirty-five notices to as many ministers and their elders. He writes thirty-five times over, Rev. and Dear Bro.—There is to be a special meeting of Classis to convene on the — at —. Yes, at — "at a place of your own selection." Pray, and what place shall he select? Well, a place must be chosen. At —, to take action on the following item of business: To dismiss Rev. — to the — Classis.

N. B.—Please notify your elder. Yours in the faith, —, President.

Being through with this unpleasant task, the poor President must earn his laurels a second time by being compelled by the pleasing privilege of choosing a place of meeting, to write to the pastor loci as follows:

Rev. and Dear Bro.—Please pardon me for having called the special meeting of Classis to convene in your charge. I could not think of a place more convenient to the members of Classis, and know of no people that would welcome the brethren more heartily to their kind and cheering hospitality.

There being but little business to claim the attention of Classis, and that little of such common occurrence and so little importance, it is not likely that there will be much more than a quorum present; yet it is possible that the brethren may all come.

As a matter of course, the pastor loci makes a list of the families in his church who can and will be glad to entertain the members of Classis; and, though pressed with other work, he starts out to distribute his guests.

And his heart is cheered by the expressions of a hearty willingness and pleasure from each family to entertain the number assigned them. But he is not a little pained when he is told by each one that they should not like to be disappointed; for of course, none of his good people like to prepare a feast (a thing which they will do), and then have no guests. He, as we have seen, not being able to insure their presence, expresses the hope, that all will be on hand, as it is as much the duty of one to attend as the other; all are to be present, and provision is made for all to be comfortably and pleasantly entertained.

All is now attended to, and each family expects their guests.

Meanwhile it occurs to the President, that inasmuch as Bro. — is anxious (and very properly) to have his call to his new field confirmed, and to have his relation to his charge perfected by his installation, he once more takes up his pen and notifies him that a meeting of Classis has been called to dismiss him, and that, to expedite matters, he might request the President of — Classis No. 2 to issue a call for a special meeting to receive him, to confirm his call and provide for his installation. The suggestion is a good one, and the newly-elected pastor acts promptly on it.

Accordingly, the President of Classis No. 2 is requested to call a special meeting to convene on — "at a place of his own selection." To receive Rev. — (?). To consider a call to him from the — charge. If found in order, to confirm said call (?). To make provision for his installation.

And now, the President of Classis No. 2 must pass through the same unmerciful ordeal of writing notices, and a sweet and brotherly letter of apology to pastor loci No. 2 for having called Classis to meet in his church. And the good pastor starts out on the pleasant (?) task of seeking lodging for his guests. Who they are, and how many, he does not know. Somewhere between five and seventy, unless, perchance, there should fail to be a quorum. Of course, he needs only to ask his good people, and they are all ready and willing to welcome their guests, but they "do not want to be disappointed."

And now, all is done, and pastor and people are ready to welcome their guests. The time for the Classis to convene is drawing near.

But, as the time approaches, this, that and the other one of the members learns, that he cannot attend, and the result is shown by the sequel.

The time for the meeting of Classis No. 2 is within less than forty-eight hours at hand (twenty-four of which make up the Lord's Day), when lo! and behold! the President, by a herculean effort, succeeds in giving the pastor loci notice, that Classis No. 1 failed to have a quorum, and that, therefore, the call for the meeting of Classis No. 2 is revoked. And pray, what else would the President do? Why have Classis to assemble, when it is known beforehand, that there is nothing for it to do?

But now, what with the pastor loci and his good people? Surely the President would notify him first, and the mail facilities between them are better than they are between the President and some of the other members of Classis. These cannot receive the notice to stay at home in time. Hence, they will most likely be on hand. Under these circumstances, what shall the pastor do? To say nothing, and let all go by default will never do. And yet, he does not know what to say.

He knows only that the call has been revoked at such a late hour, that it was impossible for the President to notify all the ministers.

Hence, he informs his good people, that there will be no meeting of Classis, but that most likely a number of the brethren will come. But he can, of course, not tell who or

how many. Kind reader, have you ever had such an experience? If you have, you know what an interesting situation it is to be in.

And what now? Only this, that the "Mountain in Labor has brought forth a mouse."

And who shall have the blame? We answer no one, but the whole Church. For, under the Constitution, as it now stands, there is no way by which even one minister can be dismissed from one Classis to another, without calling together a whole Classis. And the feeling of the weakness of our executive policy is ever forcing itself more and more upon our overworked ministry, so that it is difficult to procure a quorum at any special Classis meeting, unless there is a subject of extraordinary interest claiming its attention.

Each one feels, that his time is so completely occupied, that he is justified in absenting himself, especially since a mere quorum can attend to the business to be transacted equally as well as a whole Classis. Thus it sometimes happens, that one or two too many come to such a logical conclusion, and the result is, "No quorum."

And who but the whole Church, in her governmental police, is to blame for all this waste of time, energy and money? Why persist in the endeavor to wear a straight jacket, which it is known and felt we have outgrown long ago? Why not modify the Constitution so as to authorize the Classis to vest the power in the President of the committee, to dismiss and receive, to dissolve and confirm and install? With proper restrictions, the purity and peace of the Church could be better preserved, and her prosperity insured in this way than under our present policy; for "everybody's business is nobody's business."

Meanwhile, when a special meeting of Classis is called, let all who can be present; and let all who intend to be present give the pastor loci notice at least five days before the Classis is to convene. A. B. K.

MISSIONARY FESTIVAL IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Rev. C. F. Waldecker, of Stockton, Cal., writes: With great pleasure I accepted the friendly invitation of Pastor Fuendeling to deliver a missionary festival sermon, inasmuch as this was the first occasion of the kind, which it was my privilege to attend on this coast. Seldom, if ever, have I preached to such an attentive audience, and, therefore, never with greater cheerfulness. The church was tastefully decorated with flowers, as is only possible on this coast. Special attention was attracted to a wreath of forget me nots. Such mottoes as "Israel, forget me not," "For a wreath of glory my poor life adores thee." Scarcely had these festive notes died away, when Mr. Woerly, our new co-laborer from the East, knocked at the door. His train from the East had been delayed, and, therefore, he missed our missionary festival but, nevertheless, was greeted as one of the brave pioneers and yoke-fellows in the toilsome work in the Lord, in this distant portion of the Master's vineyard. He now labors with commendable success in Alameda, a growing city across the San Francisco Bay. He also preaches at other points as opportunity offers.

I had now resolved not to travel any more, for some time to come, but soon letters and a despatch reached me, requiring my presence at the introduction of church officers. Our untiring pastor at San Francisco has succeeded in organizing a new congregation. Situated in the heart of a more distinctly German portion of the city, it promises to become the largest congregation in our midst, if present evidences do not deceive. The powerful tones of the organ and the sacred songs of the sanctuary attuned the congregation into wrapt attention.

Thereupon the San Francisco Classis met at Stockton. Not a discord disturbed the harmony of our deliberations. Rev. Muehlhaupt had come from far Oregon as delegate from his Classis to bear to us fraternal greetings. As may be known, the brethren in Oregon have now organized their own Classis, but we are still united in heart. Thou art our sister, Oregon Classis; may you multiply a thousand-fold! Geographically, we occupy the outposts of our Church. How very much there remains yet to be done; the facts show that in all California we have not one country congregation, although the farmers out here are frequently much more wealthy than those in the East. We have enough to do in the cities with our paucity of ministers, and can only preach in the country occasionally in the afternoon.

A very encouraging feature in the parochial report was, that each congregation had received considerable accession in membership during the year. But what are these among so many infidels, surrounded by such materialism? We only spy the dawn of better things to come. WALDECKER. F. F.

CHRISTMAS REJOICINGS.

The past Christmas season was spent by the most of our churches in the midst of more than usual surroundings of joy. In this city our German churches were fully up to the occasion; and the most of our English churches did not fall much, if to any extent, in the rear. We were present at the services held in Christ Reformed church on Christmas morning, and also at the Sunday School festival held on the evening after Christmas. The inclemency of the weather interfered somewhat with the attendance on the former. The latter, however, was an occasion of special interest. The church was put in fine holiday attire, and the usual Christmas trees, laden with gifts for the children, were on hand. Special services of an interesting and appropriate nature, under the lead of the pastor, were held in church. The children also participated. It was an occasion of much pleasure and interest.

We are pleased to learn, through one of the elders of the church at Hummelstown, Pa., Rev. A. R. Thompson, pastor, that the Christmas season was very happily and pleasantly observed in their midst. Nothing to mar the interest of the occasion occurred, but everything was in keeping with the nature of the season.

Christmas day in St. Paul's Reformed church, at Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes the pastor, will not soon be forgotten by the throng of people who attended the services, during the day, of which there were three; one in the early morning at 5; one at 8½ for the children, when the gifts, beautiful and appropriate, were distributed; and one in the evening at 6½. At this service, the Sunday School, assisted by the choir of the church, gave a Concert of Song. The Christmas carols, and other songs, were selected with the utmost care, and

were admirably rendered, Prof. C. H. Titzel leading. The church was handsomely and elaborately decorated. Everybody was delighted, and the church was filled to overflowing.

The Sunday School at Middletown, Md., a correspondent informs us, held its Christmas festival on Christmas eve, and although the weather was very unfavorable and the roads muddy, a large crowd of persons assembled to witness and participate in the joyful festivities of the occasion. The exercises consisted in singing by the senior and infant departments of the school, questions by the pastor, which were promptly answered by the scholars, prayer, an address by the Rev. J. H. Marsh, pastor of the Methodist church of this place, and the distribution of gifts. The contributions of the school for the last three months were handed in by the several classes, and were devoted to the Orphans' Home. The church was beautifully, though not elaborately, decorated. Two trees were erected, one on each side of the pulpit, laden with candies for the whole school, including officers and teachers. The trees, when lighted up, presented a beautiful appearance. Everything passed off pleasantly, and it is believed, the occasion was not only fraught with pleasure, but that good and wholesome impressions were made. Thus has another Christmas festival come and gone, carrying with it its hallowing influence to old and young.

The pastor of the New Providence charge, Lancaster county, Pa., was kindly remembered on Christmas day. He received a pair of fine woolen blankets. On the card attached to them was written: "From the Hensel family."

WHY IT DOESN'T GO?

Another year of Christian privileges and work is drawing to a close for the Reformed Church; and it may not be presumptuous to note a few of our short-comings in the past, and suggest a remedy, if possible, for the ills that afflict us as a denomination. "The unhappy controversy" in the Reformed Church has been assigned as the cause of the pecuniary emergency in which our literary and benevolent operations are involved; but others maintain, that partisanship—sectarianism gets zeal, activity—liberality. "Hard times" are pronounced the sure cause of the inefficient manner, in which the operations of the Reformed Church are carried forward.

Granting due credit to the miserable plea of "hard times," are there not many other causes older and worse than either "the unhappy controversy," or "hard times," that have ever kept and will keep the Reformed Church, as a denomination, in the background in Christian work among sister Churches in these United States?

Our churches are largely German. And is our ministry systematically, consciously prepared to do that work cheerfully, efficiently in preaching the Gospel in that royal language, our mother language, with power to the people and thus constrain them to intelligent faith and cheerful benevolent action? How many a minister preaches in one tongue and prepares successfully his discourses largely in another—preach German and study English! It can't be done! Whether "the unhappy controversy" has been the cause, "hard times" certainly have not or not, there are to-day more Church papers read in the Reformed Church than ever; but what are they doing so many? Our personal observation in this matter has simply filled our heart with sorrow, and veiled our face in shame. There are whole congregations of a hundred or three hundred members, where a dozen Church papers, all told, are not received or read. And the ignorance of the people in matters of Reform on any Church work is simply appalling. Is it any wonder, that the "MESSENGER," so ably edited, has to go begging from time to time? Whose fault is that? That the "Hausfreund" has not twice its present number of subscribers; whose fault is that? That the "Christian World" was lately sold out for debt; whose fault was that? Well, we have to blame "the stingy people;" but, alas, has not a "lazy ministry" something to do with it? "Like priest like people" is an old and true adage. This thing has always been so—we are not a reading Church; and why not? As ministers, we desire to "work up" our charges, and are "anxious" to increase our numbers and benevolence, but why don't we employ the God-given means to this end, as other sects do so effectually, the religious press, the Reformed Church periodicals? There is not a minister too "grand" to present the Gospel to his parishioners through a Church paper, and urge them to subscribe for it, to read it, to pay for it. No minister ought to be so cowardly as to fear, for the sake of popularity or loss of his own bread basket, to urge upon the people the great necessity of the use of Christian literature, in the advancement of intelligent Church life.

Brethren your preaching is largely abortive, in the absence of this great endorsement of all you say, the Church paper. Why don't you introduce it then into every family of your charge? Why not make a thorough canvass yourself at the beginning of the year and thus start a stream of enlightening and hallowing influences that will issue in the ocean of eternal life?

Why is the missionary cause so miserably supported in the Reformed Church? Let me tell you. Some people, nine-tenths, don't know anything about it and hence care little and give nothing! They don't read the heart-sickening appeals of missionaries in the far west for bread, and the Macedonian cry from desert places of our Zion for deliverance from ignorance and sin. The Board of Missions is in debt and plead for the perishing. If you hear, will you heed? Will you tell your people, God, Christ is asking for food and raiment for His disciples on the dark and cold frontiers at their hands, and at the risk of salvation, it is their solemn duty to give, and give freely, largely? Is there indeed prevailing prayer offered unto God to remove from us the reproach that a parsimonious missionary policy has so long inflicted upon us as a denomination? Is there enough earnest representation of the holy cause of missions, home or foreign in the Church papers and from the pulpit and in the Sunday School, and shall we have it in the future or ever missionary at the present poor dying rate? Can we not all see abundant reasons, why this work does not go as it ought, as it might?

All our institutions of learning are pleading for help. Why is that? And our dear orphans' homes are so poorly supported! Their indebtedness does not diminish and current expenses are scarcely maintained. What does all this mean, what does it prove? An awful state of ignorance or indifference to the holy cause of religion! Just as little as people know about missions, so little do they know about

our orphans' homes. Why don't they know? Why have they not been made acquainted with these things during the many years of their existence and their want? Why not? Whose fault is it?

Now that "peace" has been declared in the Church, may we not reasonably hope for the peaceful fruits of righteousness in more earnest preaching, in holier living, greater intelligence and larger benevolence throughout the length and breadth of our beloved Reformed Zion? This done, we shall have abundant reason at the end of another year to rejoice in the prosperity we so much need, and God will grant us the reward of honest, earnest effort. Xor.

RE-DEDICATION AT CARLISLE.

The Reformed Church at Carlisle, Pa., having been remodeled, was reopened for divine service on Sunday, the 21st of December. The entire interior of the church has been renewed, so that nothing in the audience chamber of the old appears to the beholder but the outline proportions. The walls and ceiling have been beautifully frescoed, the old pews replaced by new ones of solid walnut, and a new carpet covers the floor. New glass stained windows with beautiful and expressive designs let in a mellowed light. The handsomest portion of the church, as should always be the case, is the renewed sanctuary. Inside the heavy walnut railing stand, on the one side the baptismal font, on the other the reading desk. On a raised platform immediately in the rear of the baptismal font stands the pulpit, and in the centre and rear is the altar. The frescoing of the recess is very fine. Altogether the interior of this church is one of the finest to be seen anywhere.

The pastor, Dr. A. H. Kremer, was assisted in the dedication services by Dr. T. G. Apple, of Lancaster, who preached in the morning and evening. A service was held also in the afternoon, at which Dr. Norcross, of the Second Presbyterian Church of Carlisle, preached. The audiences in attendance at all the services were large, especially in the morning. Quite a number of persons from other churches attended the services and attested their interest in the improvement of the house, and in the good prospects of the congregation that steadily worships in it. The membership were greatly encouraged and rejoiced. When the sore trials through which this congregation has passed are considered, and the discouraging condition of things when Dr. Kremer commenced his second pastorate here, there is certainly great reason to congratulate both pastor and people on their present prosperity and good prospects for the future. Faithful labor has been performed, and the rich fruits already appear. A new lecture-room has been erected at a cost of about \$1200, which was dedicated in August last, and now the church has been repaired and beautified at a cost of nearly \$2000, and very nearly the whole expense has been paid. All this is certainly very encouraging, and gives good promise for the time to come. The congregation has entered upon a new and prosperous time, and their Christmas rejoicings this year will be a new song of praise and thanksgiving to Him, who has led them through all their trials to prosperity and peace.

It should be added yet, that the pews are all comfortably cushioned, and the choir, whose fine music added much to the service, is now located beside the sanctuary instead of in the gallery as formerly. The Reformed Church of Carlisle has certainly taken a new start, and has the best wishes of its friends for its future prosperity.

PHILA. TRACT AND MISSION SOCIETY.

The Phila. Tract and Mission Society, during the present month, has distributed through its agents, eighty thousand tracts, and a number of Bibles and religious papers. One of the missionaries reported, at the late meeting of the Board of Directors, that he had in this month of December, held 23 public meetings, persuaded 119 to attend church, placed 63 children into Sabbath Schools, found 45 interested in the subject of religion, and, through the kindness of friends of the Society, relieved 21 persons, who were in want of material aid. He spoke particularly of two coal dealers, who gave him 5½ tons of coal, which he distributed among a number of worthy families, to their comfort and joy.

This Society, now under the superintendence of Mr. Jos. F. Jagers, is doing a good work for the destitute of our city, and surely no society in Philadelphia has stronger claims upon the benevolent, and none, perhaps, give promise of greater usefulness for the amount of funds expended.

As announced in a previous issue of our paper, the Rev. John M. Titzel, of Irwin, Pa., has accepted a call from the Altoona charge. He purposes entering upon the duties of his new field of labor with the opening of the incoming year. After that date, his post-office address will be changed to Altoona, Blair county, Pa.

ALMANACS FOR 1880.

Both editions of the English Almanac, for the East and the West, have been issued. The former can be obtained from the "Christian World" office at Dayton, Ohio, and the latter from the Reformed Church Publication Board, 907 Arch street, Philadelphia. Orders will be promptly attended to. They will be sold at the following reduced rates:

| | |
|------------|--------|
| 12 copies, | \$0.60 |
| 50 " | 2.35 |
| 100 " | 4.50 |

When sent by mail, ten cents per dozen must be added for postage. A specimen copy will be sent on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

GERMAN ALMANAC.

We have procured a supply of the German Almanac published at Cleveland, Ohio, which will be sold at the same rates at which they can be procured from the publishers, namely: A single copy sent by mail on receipt of 12 cents in postage stamps; 1 dozen, 90 cents, to which 17 cents must be added for postage when sent by mail.

Married.

On Christmas day, at the home of the bride's parents, by the Rev. D. B. Shuey, Mr. H. Elmer Smith to Miss Annie E. Tweed, all of New Providence, Lancaster Co., Pa.

On Dec. 18th, 1879, at the Reformed parsonage, Pleasant Unity, Pa., by Rev. B. B. Feyer, Mr. A. J. Shaff, of Cribbs, Pa., to Miss Susan E. Laufer, of Pleasant Unity, Pa.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 23d, 1879 at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. J. W. Knappenberg, Mr. John C. Fisher to Miss Jennie Gray, all of Wilkensburg, Allegheny Co., Pa.

At the Reformed parsonage, Martinsburg, Blair Co., Pa., on Dec. 23d, 1879, by Rev. J. David Miller, Mr. John W. Geibel, of St. Clairsville, to Miss Lottie B. Noble, of Waterside, Bedford Co., Pa.

On Christmas day, at the home of Grandmother Titzel, East Main Street, Mechanicsburg, Pa., by the Rev. W. R. H. Deatrich, Mr. John S. Dewalt of Carlisle, Pa., to Miss May E., daughter of Dr. Thomas H. Walker of Mercersburg, Pa.

Obituaries.

DIED.—Near Mt. Jackson, Shenandoah Co., Virginia, Nov. 21th, 1879, Mrs. Catharine Elisabeth Wenck, aged 69 years, 7 months and 7 days.

Mother Wenck was born in Sunda, Germany, April 17th, 1810. In infancy she was baptized, and during her early years, according to the good old German custom, she received a thorough course of catechisation, and was carefully instructed in the doctrines of our holy religion. At the age of fourteen she became, by the rite of confirmation, a full member of the Church. She was a firm and consistent member of the Church in Germany for years, and when in this far off land, she did not forget nor forsake her "first love." She was from a family of nobility and rank, and had a more than ordinary German education. She was wedded to her mother language, and loved her German Bible and Catechism. These were her daily companions, and from them she received the truth as it is in Jesus. She was able to quote almost any portion of the Scriptures, and her delight was in the use of the Psalms, especially the 136th, which she so often repeated when afflicted. She lived a quiet and consistent Christian life—there was no outward display of words, but a quiet walk and conversation, full of charity. She was always in her place in the house of worship, when her health would at all permit, and no season was more welcome than the holy communion season.

For many months she was sorely afflicted but she bore it all with true Christian resignation. Her faith was firmly fixed in Him who said "I am the resurrection and the life." Him she served many years, and in death her faith did not fail her. Often did she say to her pastor, who visited her every day when not preaching, "The Lord is my shepherd," etc. Ps. 23. When nearing the sunset of life, she calmly folded her hands and said, "Lord, into Thy hands I commit my soul and spirit, Thou hast redeemed me." Death had no terror for her; for to her it was only the entrance to the fuller and higher realization of Christ's promises and of the new life. In the hope of a blessed resurrection she sweetly fell asleep, just as the rays of the setting sun were fading away on the mountain sides, which too, have lately been robbed of their garb of living green. When, on the following morning the sun rose in full splendor, we could not help saying, What a beautiful analogy! The day had its sunshine and shadow, the summer had passed through various changes, but now both were void of their former beauty, were wrapped in the mantles of darkness, and we laid down to repose. But as the sun rose in renewed splendor on the following day, and as nature is only waiting the return of Spring to come forth into a renewed life, so her life was one of sunshine and shadow, one full of changes, from childhood to youth and from youth to old age, but the end was calm and serene, and now she sleeps—sleeps in Jesus. O blessed sleep, sleeps to awake on that blessed resurrection morn clothed in the garments of light, sleeps to awake to behold the Sun of Righteousness, the light of the eternal city, a city not made with hands eternal in the heavens. She sleeps to awake to enjoy that precious promise, "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

She has left a husband, two sons and one daughter with many friends to lament our loss. But let us not mourn as those who have no hope; for there is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ. Weep not husband and father, weep not sons and daughter, for what is joy and our loss is her eternal gain, but let us lay to heart and practice the exhortations addressed to us on the funeral occasion, based on the 12th verse of the 90th Ps., "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

PASTOR.

Acknowledgments.

Received, Oct. 21st, per Dr. T. C. Porter, from the First Reformed Church of Easton, \$20, for the support of Mr. Masataka Yamakusa, the Japanese student in the institutions at Lancaster. Thanks are hereby returned to the kind donors. T. G. A.

BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

Received from Whitmarsh congregation, per Rev J D Deatrick, pastor, \$15 00

SAM'L R. FISHER, Treas.

ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF, PA.

Received per Rev S R Fisher, from Whitmarsh congregation, per Rev J D Deatrick, pastor, \$15 00

Received per Rev S R Fisher, from Clover Creek congregation, Rev F A Ruple, pastor, \$5 18

W. D. GROSS, Treas.

HOME MISSIONS.

Received per Rev S R Fisher, from Whitmarsh congregation, Rev J D Deatrick, pastor, \$20 00

Received per do, from North Wales congregation, Rev J D Deatrick, pastor, 10 00

W. H. SEIBERT, Treas.

LETTER LIST.

Apple, Rev T G, App, R F, Ault, Rev J, Ayers, N W & Son.

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Zieber, Rev Dr W K.

Youth's Department.

THE KING IN HIS CRADLE.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing.
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth.
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire and the beautiful sing.
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages imperaled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame and the beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nations, that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King.

THE NEW YEAR'S SLED.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

High runners, round irons, a red top,
and a gilt horse to go, or rather stand,
on the top—what a sled that was! Who
could be happier than Ralph Barry with
such a sled?

Ralph Barry was a good boy. He
showed it in many ways at home and in
school. I think he loved his Saviour,
and loved him not as one away off that
he never could reach, and never could
understand, but as one close to him, and
holding his hand all the time.

The minister had told the Sunday-
school scholars that they must do all the
good they could with their presents when
the holidays came. That was a new
idea to some. For what were skates,
and sleds, and books given? To be
enjoyed, of course. What good besides
this could you do with skates, for
instance? Still, the minister insisted
that we could accomplish some good for
others with everything belonging to us,
and we should endeavor to put it to such
a use. But what could Ralph do with
his new sled?

He went out coasting New Year's
morning. There was the horse on top
of the sled. So full of life did he seem
to be, that it was a wonder he did not
spring off the sled to dash away and
disappear forever. If any sled went that
morning, it would seem as if Ralph's
would be the one. And go it did,
sweeping down the hill like a racer.

But who was that at the top of the
long coast? It was a little fellow
toiling along with a bundle of wood
that seemed too heavy for him. He had
dropped his wood and was resting when
Ralph saw him. His clothes looked old
and worn, and evidently he was cold.
His nose looked as red as a tomato, and
he held his arms down as if they were
stiff and frozen. Then he raised his
hands to his mouth and tried to breathe
some warmth into them.

"Cold, little boy?" asked Ralph.

"Yeth."

"What is your name?"

"Thammy."

"Sammy, is it? What are you going
to do with that wood?"

"To stove."

"Going to put it into the stove, are
you? Look here, Sammy, which way
are you going, so?" (pointing back), "or
so?" (pointing ahead)?

"Tho."

"Going down hill. See here! Don't
you want a ride?"

"Yeth."

It seemed as if the cold weather had
frozen up all of Sammy's words, excepting
those of one or two syllables, and of
these would let only a word dribble out
at a time.

"Now let me pack you on. You get
on behind and take the wood in your
arms. I will sit in front and steer.
Road—d—d—d!"

Away they dashed. Sammy's face
brightened with excitement, as does the
eastern sky when the sun gets into it.
At last they halted at the foot of the
long hill.

"Sammy, look here! Don't you want
me to haul you home?"

Sammy was now so excited he could
not say a word. He could only make
his face go up and down, grinning and
showing his teeth as if he were about to
have a Christmas dinner.

"Now look out. When I come to a
corner and you want me to turn it, you
say 'Gee.' When we get to your house,
you say 'Stop.'"

"Gee!"

And Ralph turned a corner.

"Gee!"

He turned another corner.

"Thtop!"

He stopped.

Ralph and Sammy halted before a lit-
tle two-storied, flat-roofed house. It
was painted brown. At one of the win-
dows was a sign saying, "Bait for Sail." The
sign meant all right, though it
never would have answered to have
taken the last word just as it was spelled
there. Two or three children rushed to
the window, and their faces brightened
as they saw Sammy and the wood.

"Come," said Sammy, opening the
door. Ralph followed him. So chilly
and hungry-looking it was within the
room they entered.

"Here's Sammy! Now we will start
the fire and be warm!" shouted one of
the children.

"Ah, has Sammy come? Then I will
have a little gruel when you start the
fire," said a voice from a little bed-room.

"Hullo! Ah, Sammy 'as come!"
exclaimed an old woman, hobbling into
the room. "Now I will have a sip of
tea and warm my bones."

"Is Sammy here?" asked a boy,
thrusting in his head at the door. "Soon
as you make the coffee for father I will
take it down to him. He is getting his
boat ready and wants to go off clam-
ming."

How much good Sammy's wood did!
The fire snapped and blazed. It warmed
the room. It cooked the gruel. In tea-
pot and coffee-pot it started an aroma fil-
ling all the room. The children capered
about in the warmth, Sammy's mother said
the gruel had made her all well, granny
declared she was young as if twenty,
while Sammy's father went off "clam-
ming" with a comfortable glow which
made him feel ready to face the bluster-
ing wind.

But how things would have been de-
layed if it had not been for Ralph's sled!
The New Year's present did some good,
didn't it?

WHAT CHILDREN MAY DO.

The little children of the Church
should take upon themselves the duty of
keeping up the Orphans' Homes. If they
were fully in the spirit of this work
they would account it a great pleasure.

There are those who have no parents;
no homes except those prepared for them
by Christian people. But it takes money
to keep these up and great as the sum
may seem to be, it could be easily made
up if each little one would contribute
but a few pennies. It will be all the
better, if the money given should re-
quire a sacrifice on the part of those
who are called upon to give. A great
many grown people, give simply out of
their abundance. They have never
eaten one apple-dumpling less, for the
sake of Christ, and this habit of doing
only what is convenient, has grown upon
them from their childhood. Begin early
to deny yourself some pleasure, for the
sake of Him, who, though He was rich,
became poor, that we, through His pov-
erty, might become rich. Among the
beautiful lessons of Christmas, comes
the fact that our Lord laid aside the
glories of Heaven, as far as His comfort
was concerned, and was cradled between
the ox and the ass in the manger at
Bethlehem. The spirit of the Holy
Child Jesus should be our own spirit.
So may even God's little ones make
friends out of the mammon of unright-
eousness. Inasmuch as ye do it unto the
least of Christ's disciples, ye do it unto
Him. Even the cup of cold water
given in His name will not be without
its reward.

Let the children during this year, see
what they can do in this way.

THE ORIGIN OF SILK.

"Once upon a time," said Aunt Mag-
gie, "there were no silk dresses or rib-
bons in the whole world. Now, if you
look at this curious Chinese fan, which
I hold in my hand, you will see that
all the figures are dressed in real silk
dresses."

"More than three thousand years ago,
the Emperor of China, whose queer
name was Ho-ang-ti, received a visit
from an old woman, who laid at his feet
a great many small bundles, begging
him to receive them from her grand-
daughter, who also had a queer name,
—Su-ling-shi."

"Ordering his Grand Chamberlain to
open the bundles, there appeared to his
astonished gaze the most beautiful
fabrics ever seen. He sent for the
ladies of his household, for there was a
dress for each, and you can imagine their
delight. Demanding of the old woman
the secret of her prize, she gave this re-
ply (first reverently naming several of
the Emperor's many titles, as was the
custom):

"Most Gracious Son of Heaven,
Lord of the Earth, Light of the Em-
pire, and King of the Golden Dragon,
our Great Prophet Fo, says: 'What is
told in the ear is often heard a hundred
miles off;' and also, 'Give not away
that which is not thine own.' The se-
cret is not mine. The secret be-
longeth to my daughter and grand-
daughter.' And here the grand-
mother (who was not such a very old
woman, as women marry very young in
China) bowed her head nine times to the
earth."

"The Emperor ordered a large sum
of money to be presented to the woman,
and with his own august hands gave her
magnificent strings of pearls for her
daughter and grand-daughter. Also for
the grand-daughter he gave a golden
badge of honor, bidding the grand-
mother bring the maiden before the next
new moon, for he must know her secret,
and should her words be straight words,
he would honor her as never lowly maid
was honored before."

"The heart of Su-ling-shi was filled
with delight when she heard the words
of her grandmother. Basily was her
loom set to work that she might have a
dress so magnificent for the occasion
that the 'King of the Golden Dragon'
might find pleasure in beholding her."

"The great day at length dawned,
the heart of Su-ling-shi fluttered with
fear and delight as—arrayed in dress of
rose-pink silk and sky-blue tunic em-
brodered with gold, the pearls in her
hair and golden badge upon her bos-
om—she approached with trembling
his 'Fragrant Majesty,' whose subjects
bend their foreheads to the ground, not
daring to gaze upon him."

"Look on the fan," said Aunt Mag-
gie: "you will see the Great King
of the Dragon seated upon a chair
which bears the sign of the dragon, the
symbol of the Chinese Empire. His
robe, sent him by Su-ling-shi, is of royal
yellow silk, with a golden sun upon his
breast and a royal peacock's feather in
his cap."

"Next to him is the 'Grand Manda-
rin of the Household,' clothed in scarlet.
The great Mandarin of War, General
Hae ling-ah, in scarlet robes and blue
sash, stands with drawn sword to warn
that death is always the penalty of
an untruth before the great Emperor."

"The grandmother, in dress of green
silk with yellow collar, standing behind
the general, advanced first, and bowing
nine times to the ground, said: 'Know,
Most Mighty King, that in my garden
grows a mulberry tree, upon which I
oftimes noticed a worm that spun a ball
for a house in which to live. These
balls I often took within my dwelling,
and I found that in a little time a moth
crept out from each and flew away. I
amused La-See, my daughter, with the
silken balls. This is all that I have
done. 'Siao te kin.' It is very little.
Let my daughter La-See speak.'

"Then the mother, whom you see
next with the royal pearls in her hair
and pink silk dress, bowed nine times,
saying: 'Most Gracious Ten Thousand
Years, whilst amusing myself watching
the caterpillar, I found that its house or

cocoon would unwind, and I used it as
thread with which to embroider the fine
muslin, 'Woven Wind.' Afterward, I
taught my daughter to do the same.
This, most Gracious King, is all that I
have done. Let my daughter speak.'

"Then came Su-ling-shi, and, after
nine bows, she proudly raised her head
and said: 'If His Most Gracious Ma-
jesty and Light of the Empire will
deign to cast his eyes upon these insects,
he will see they are but common moths,
which I here let fly from my hand. I
followed the example of my wise parents
(may they live a thousand years!), and
saw that it was this insect which laid
the eggs upon the mulberry tree, and
which afterward became the *Bombyx
mori*, or caterpillar. This fed upon the
mulberry leaves thirty-two days, and
casting its skin four times, began to spin
its cocoon, winding always the same way.
My mother (may Fo bless her!) had
learned to unwind the cocoon and had
planted many trees. Thus it was, Most
Mighty King, that I was enabled to
gather many cocoons, and reeling the
threads together, I hit upon the idea of
weaving them. This, my Sovereign, is
the cocoon, and in this roll you will find
the result,—a piece of silk, which I
hope may prove worthy of the accep-
tance of your Gracious Loftiness, to
whom I surrender my knowledge.' And
again she bowed her forehead to the
ground."

"Behold a maiden possessed of all
the virtues," said the Emperor. And
then turning to her, he said: "Rise,
fair maid; such wisdom, such industry,
and such beauty are worthy of an em-
pire. Half my throne shall be thine."
And, taking the hand of the blushing
Su-ling-shi, he seated her beside him.

"My lords," he continued, "prepare
for the bridal ceremony. Summon the
ladies of the court, and henceforth
know our mother as the Princess La-See,
and our grandmother as the Princess
Sang. Honor them as such, and let the
whole land know our Dragon will!"

"You will see on the fan," continued
Aunt Maggie, "that the court ladies
were not far off, and that their curiosity
was great, for they were peeping. Of
course, grandma congratulated herself
on her shrewdness in presenting the silk
to the Emperor instead of selling it to a
merchant."

The ingenious empress not only taught
the ladies of her court how to raise the silk-
worm, but brought vast sums of money
into her husband's treasury by selling the
secret to the weavers, and for many
hundreds of years these Chinese weavers
carefully guarded the secret which only
they possessed. At last a sly old Euro-
pean monk went to China, obtained the
secret, and, stealing some cocoons, hid
them in his hollow reed cane, and walked
away, rejoicing all Europe by showing
people how silk was made.—*St. Nicholas*
for December.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spake our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father,
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When that mound was heaped on high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from the cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow.

THE PARADISE OF BABIES.

The real "paradise of babies" is
Japan; for not only do the children
have every imaginable toy, but many
persons get their living by amusing
them. Men go about the streets and
blow soap-bubbles for them with pipes
that have no bowls as ours have. These
young Japs have tops, stilts, pop-guns,
blow-guns, magic lanterns, kaleidoscopes,
wax-figures, terra-cotta animals, flying-
fish and dragons, masks, puzzles, and
games; butterflies and beetles that
flutter about; turtles that move their
legs and pop out their heads; birds that
fly about and peck the fingers and
whistle; paste-board targets that, when
hit, burst open and let a winged figure
fly out; and—most wonderful of all,
perhaps—little balls looking like elder-
pith, which, thrown into the bowls of
warm water, slowly expand into the
shape of a boat or a fisherman, a tree,
flower, crab, or bird.

The girls of Japan have dolls' furni-
ture and dishes, and, of course, dolls.
They have dolls that walk and dance;
dolls that put on a mask when a string
is pulled; dolls dressed to represent
nobles, ladies, minstrels, mythological
and historical personages. Dolls are
handed down for generations, and in
some families are hundreds of them.
They never seem to get broken or worn
out; as yours do; and, in fact, they can
hardly be the dear playmates that yours
are. They are kept as a sort of show;
and, though the little owners play with
them, they do not dress and undress
them, and take them to bed, as you do.
A good deal of the time they are rolled
up in silk paper and packed away in a
trunk. On the great festival day of the
Japanese girls,—the Feast of Dolls, of
which, no doubt, you have heard—there
is a great show of dolls and toys, and it
is the event of the year for the queer
little black-eyed maidens. The Feast of
Flags is the boys' great day, and they
have banners, flags, figures of warriors
and great men, swords, and other toys
suitable for boys.—*Olive Thorne, in St.
Nicholas.*

Pleasantries.

He said her hair was dyed, and when
she indignantly exclaimed, "'Tis false!"
he said he presumed so.—*Boston Post.*

A layman in Boston asked a neighbor
if his minister did not borrow his ser-
mons. The reply was in the form of an-
other question, "Do you not wish yours
did?"

"Dipped into a weak solution of ac-
complishments," is the term now ap-
plied to many of our girls professing to
be highly educated.

"Is he rich?" asked the tourist.
"Yes," replied the sexton, "I guess he
is pretty wealthy, at least he never put
more than ten cents into the plate, Sun-
day morning."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A busy man at Columbus, Ohio, keeps
a phonograph ready for use in his office,
and when anybody begins to tell him a
long story he says, "Just talk it into
the instrument, and I'll listen to it by-
and-by."

"What does the minister say of our
new burying-ground?" asked Mrs.
Himes of her neighbor. "He don't
like it at all; he says he never will be
buried there as long as he lives."
"Well," says Mrs. Himes, "if the Lord
spares my life, I will."

Dominie H— was one of the old-
time circuit riders, whose rough exterior
often obscured his real goodness. One
day he was caught in a shower in Illi-
nois, and going to a rude cabin near by,
knocked at the door. A sharp-looking
old dame answered his summons. He
asked for shelter. "I don't know you,"
she replied, suspiciously. "Remember
the Scriptures," said the Dominie. "Be
not forgetful to entertain strangers, for
thereby some have entertained angels
unawares." "You needn't say that,"
quickly returned the other, "no angel
would come down here chewing to-
bacco."

Religious Intelligence.

HOME.

The Thanksgiving Day offerings of the churches in the Diocese of Pennsylvania, amounting to about \$15,000, were devoted to the support of the Episcopal Hospital in this city.

The confirmation of Rev. E. A. Rand in the Episcopal Communion, which takes place this week, makes the fifth transfer from the Congregational ministry to the Episcopal Church within the past two years.

The Committee on Provinces, appointed by the last General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has received a report from its sub-committee, composed of Bishops Bedell and Stevens, recommending that four provinces be formed, to be called the Atlantic, the Central, the Western, and the Pacific; that independence of the existing diocese be guarded and preserved; that the General Convention, which now meets triennially, shall meet once in nine years, and that it shall continue to be the legislative body of the Church, representing dioceses, but shall be restricted to general legislation, such as affects the Prayer Book, the symbols, and the governing provinces. How the presiding officer of the province shall be chosen the committee have not decided. Some favor selection by seniority. The report has been ordered to be printed.

FOREIGN.

The monastery on Mount Athos in Macedonia recently had a large number of applicants who expressed a desire to enter in order to escape from the cares and dangers of the world, and it has been discovered that they were Russian officers in disguise.

It has been said that the custom prevalent in Rome of placing a light on the grave of a dead friend or relative on certain occasions is a remnant of paganism, but the Rome correspondent of the *Pilot* thinks it is needless to go back so far to seek the origin of this custom, believing it can be found in Christian days. As one passes along in the subterranean galleries of the Catacombs, amidst the perpetual darkness that reigns there, he says one sees at intervals a little blackened niche in the wall close to a grave. On inquiry, a guide, following the conclusions of De Ross and his predecessors, will say that a lamp was placed in that niche by the friends of the deceased one lying hard by, in order to guide their steps to that spot, and to enable them to read the name on the monumental slab by which the grave was inclosed. As these niches are very numerous, the Catacombs must at times have presented the appearance of a dimly illuminated gallery. This lighting of the Catacombs graves is, in all probability, the correspondent concludes, the origin of that Roman custom of lighting lamps at the graves of the dead on the eve of All Souls' Day.


A singular case of disturbance in church is reported from St. John's of Hampstead, near London. One Elizabeth Tocock has annoyed the vicar so much with loud and inopportune singing and has persisted in it so long against the repeated complaints which have been made to her, that the vicar at last carried the case into a police court. He testified that she disturbed the services "by making the most shocking noise, which he supposed she would call singing, at the topmost pitch of her voice." She did not sing with the rest of the congregation or the choir, but either a little before them or a little after. He at once thought of putting a stop to singing in the church altogether, and again had thought he would shut up the church, so greatly was he worried. For two years the singing had become worse and worse. In reply Miss Tocock said she had not the slightest intention to annoy any one. On the contrary "her whole heart and soul were in the services of the church which she had attended for twenty-seven years," and she had always felt she was doing her duty in singing. She admitted her voice was very high, but said "her whole prayers were for the clergy." The court decided that Miss Tocock was liable to a fine of \$25 or two months in jail; and that it was not necessary that the annoyance should be malicious. The summons was, however, adjourned for a month to see if the annoyance ceased.

In the Chapter House of St. Paul's, London, on a recent Sunday, severe criticism was passed by the speaker of the occasion upon the present supply of preachers in the English Church. The *Saturday Review* says the tone of the criticism may be inferred from an incident which it relates of an Oxford tutor who, as an excuse for taking long walks on Sunday instead of attending service at St. Mary's, replied that he preferred sermons from stones to sermons from sticks. The speaker at St. Paul's insisted that the question of raising the standard of preaching was one of high practical importance. The secret of good preaching must be learnt, he said, "on the knees." There are temptations to be shallow and supercilious in that preachers are never under the fire of contradiction, and the necessity for a purifying process such as criticism always gives is apparent. On this point it is related that a great barrister once expressed his surprise that clergymen did not make better use of their opportunities, and exclaimed: "A whole week to get up the case and no reply!" A charge was brought by the speaker against the form of the English pulpits, and an American preacher's description of them as "an invention of the devil" was quoted. "To be cabined, cribbed, confined in a wooden

or stone box a few feet above the ground, with a brass bookstand in front and a pair of candlesticks on each side" was declared not to be "the most favorable position for giving full expression to the impulses of the soul."

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General News.

The "Old Catholics" of Europe have changed their name, and are to be known hereafter as the "Christ Catholics."

The Russian missionaries in Japan having succeeded in converting 4,000 Japanese to their faith, a bishop is to be sent to Jeddo by the St. Petersburg Synod.

Congress has adjourned until after the holidays, but the leading men of both parties seem to have remained in Washington with the ultimate view of President making.

Rick Brothers' large manufactory of hardware, at Reading, Pa., was burned on the 23d inst. The flames were first seen in the japan room. The building and \$20,000 worth of stock was destroyed. Estimated loss \$15,000, partly covered by insurance.

Another advance in the iron market is announced. A report says that pig metal has gone up to \$40 per ton. One Pittsburgh firm of iron brokers has contracted to deliver to different parties in the State 400,000 tons of foreign ores.

There is a hitch in political affairs in Maine owing to some real or supposed crookedness in the election returns. We read about mobs, martial law, and U. S. troops, but we hope the good sense of the people will prevent serious outbreak.

Another disastrous fire occurred in the business centre of Boston on the 28th inst. Houghton Osgood & Co's publishing establishment, and Rand Avery's printing house on Franklin St., and the North National Bank building are among the properties destroyed. The loss has been fixed as high as six millions of dollars.

The Albrights now number 18 conferences, 856 itinerant clergymen, 563 local preachers, 107,782 communicants, 1,422 congregations. Their church property is worth \$3,226,003. They own 401 parsonages. Their contributions to missionary objects amount to almost \$80,000. Their German organ, *Evangelische Botschafter*, enjoys a circulation of 13,000, and their German Sunday School numbers 12,000.

Galveston, Texas, Dec. 28.—A special despatch from Denison to the *News* says: A freight train on the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad fell through a burning bridge near Durant Station yesterday. The locomotive passed over in safety, but the tender and twenty-two cars were wrecked and burned. Mike Shelly, fireman, fell into the fire and was burned to death. Brakeman Abernethy was slightly injured.

Advices from London of the 28th inst., quote despatches from General Roberts date Dec. 23d, report his victory around Cabul on the day before. The Afghans were defeated and dispersed before the arrival of General Gough. Later advices report the success of General Roberts as complete with a severe loss of the enemy. The wife and daughter of Akbar Kahn, who in 1841, distributed £20,000 among the Afghans to incite the present uprising have been captured and brought to Shirpur.

Fifty-nine students have been graduated from the college at Beyrout, an institution established by American Protestants during the past ten years. Four of the graduates are now engaged in the college, ten are practising medicine, two are druggists, eleven are medical students, while eighteen are missionary teachers, preachers and translators. From the medical department, forty-six students have been graduated, and from the pharmaceutical, five. At the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the college an alumni association was formed.

A large expense has attended the revision of the Bible, which is now nearly finished. The committee numbers fifty-two members, who meet five days in every three weeks. They are paid their traveling and hotel expenses, but no salaries. These expenses and other items will bring the cost of the first edition up to nearly \$200,000. It has been determined to sell the early issues of the work at a high price in order to insure a return for the outlay. The University presses have become responsible for the expenses. Neither Parliament nor Convocation has authorized the new Bible. It was learned during the sittings of the committee, that the so-called authorized version was never authorized at all, either by a political or an ecclesiastical body, and that it established itself by its own merits. This the Revised Bible is expected also to do.

The British Steamer *Borussia* was lost in the South Atlantic on the 2d inst. 225 persons are supposed to have perished. The following despatch to the associated press has been received; London, Dec. 23.—The part of the crew of the steamer *Borussia* landed at Queenstown to-day by the ship *Mallowdall*, consisted of the chief engineer, doctor, boat-swain and six seamen.

They were picked up on the 5th inst. in an open boat by the *Mallowdall*. The *Borussia* had 180 passengers, of which number 105 embarked at Liverpool and seventy-five at Corunna. The crew number fifty-four men. After leaving Corunna on the 24th of November, she experienced terrific weather and sprang leak on the 1st of December, and the severity of the weather increasing she was abandoned on the 2d, about 350 miles south-west of Fayal.

The Captain and the second officer remained in the sinking steamer. The crew and passengers embarked in eleven boats. The nine survivors have no hope for the other boats, having, before they separated, seen one boat capsized, drowning all its occupants.

Among the recent events which are looked upon by the American Board as favorable to future missionary work are the public declaration of Keshub Chunder Sen that it is Christ, and not the British Government, that rules India; the public testimony of Lord Lawrence, Sir Bartle Frere, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and others, to the value of Christian missions; the increased facility for missionary work anticipated in Zululand and in parts of the Turkish Empire, and the effect of the famine in India and China in bringing the people of those countries into sympathetic relations with the missionaries. Among the Moslems the Scriptures are now circulated for the first time. In Western Turkey the number added to the churches was larger the past year than ever before. In India nearly 700 have been added to the mission churches and in China a heathen temple has been transformed into a Christian church. The translation of the New Testament has just been completed in Japan. Discouraging reports are heard from Catholic countries only. Ground has been lost in Mex-

ico, very little has been gained in Austria and opposition still resists successfully the efforts made in Spain. The Board has a total of 678 mission stations, 1,554 missionaries and 251 churches. During the year 2,034 converts have been added to the churches and 26,737 pupils to the schools.

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Dec. 27, 1879.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]

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| GEORGINES. Sugar, Cuba..... | 7 1/2@7 1/2 |
| " Refined cut loaf..... | 104@104 |
| " " crushed..... | 104@104 |
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| " " A..... | 93@94 |
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